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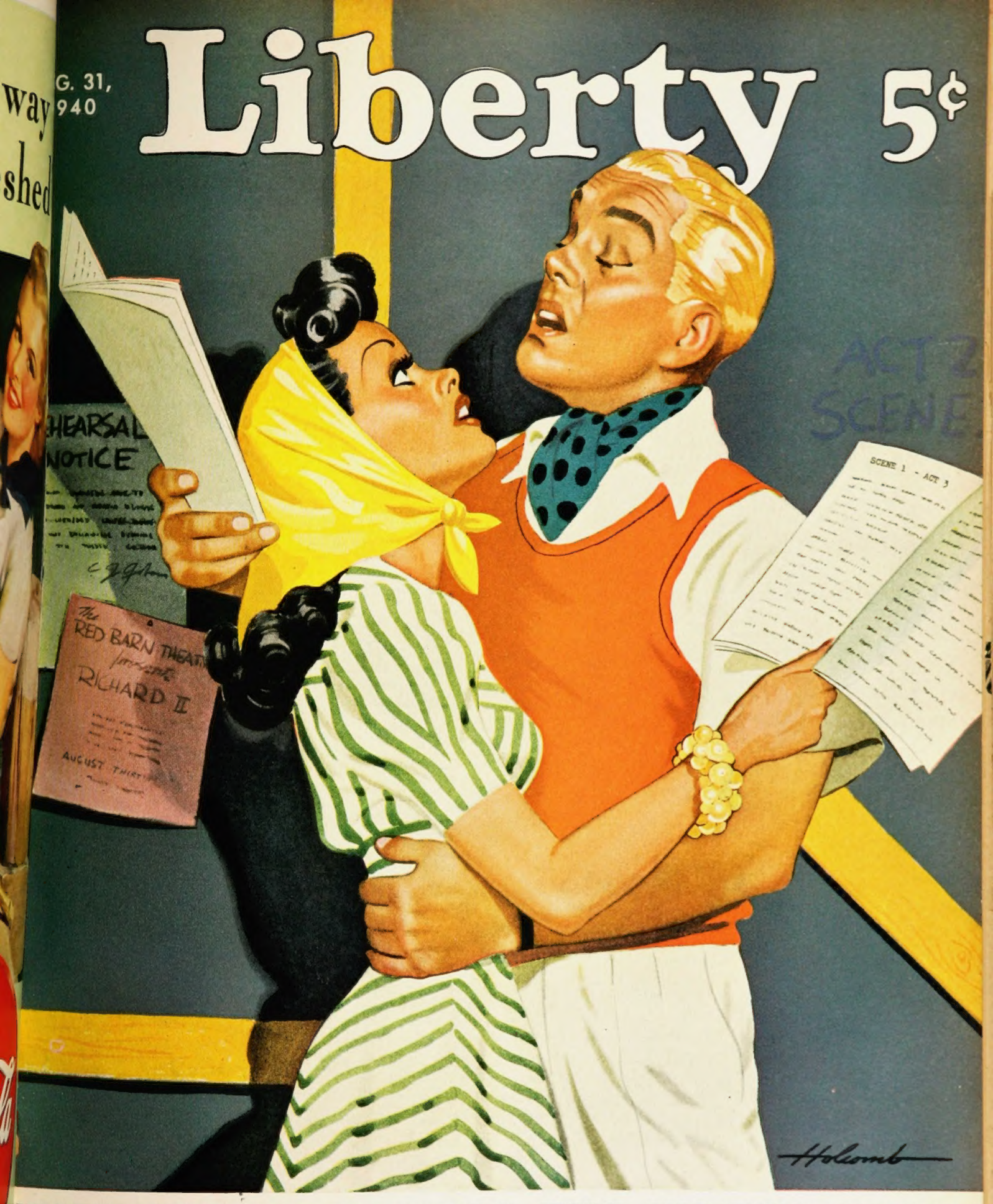

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AUGUST 31, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 35

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

FRANCE'S DEFEAT— A POWERFUL LESSON TO US

BERNARR MACFADDEN

"Decrepit democracies" is the slur that has been cast in our direction by Mussolini, and when Hitler refers to our army he laughs . . . long and hearty.

Belgium, Holland, or any of the other minor countries in Europe had armies that—so it is maintained—were far better than ours.

Yes, billions have been set aside to remedy our defects in armament, but it will take hardheaded business management—and several years—to co-ordinate the forces essential to ensure the desired results.

France was supposed to have the greatest army in Europe; yet Hitler walked through them with his blitzkrieg in a few days. The successes of the World War may have given France too much confidence. Her army at that time was unquestionably far superior to the one that Hitler defeated.

What were the subversive forces that put France in the decrepit class? Was it the lack of harmony between the various groups, the Communistic element, the fights between capital and labor? Undoubtedly the cohesion between the various groups essential to develop the fighting spirit of an army was absent. And that is one of the faults in a democracy for which an effective remedy must be found . . . or we will face tragedies that are too horrible to contemplate.

Unity—a definite unified goal—must be kept in view, and whatever differences of opinion may have previously existed between different groups must be ironed out during wartime.

France faced almost the identical conditions against which we are struggling at this particular time. They had their fifth column, dissenting groups that fought each other at times with violent antagonism. The sacrificial spirit absolutely essential to win a war was absent in that country.

The same kind of selfishness that has been so highly developed in this country among a large proportion of our citizens had much to do with the defeat of France.

And now that we have awakened to the grim realization that we may have to face a similar disaster, we should be making strenuous efforts to smooth out dissension of every kind.

The New Deal has raised prices to a new high on practically everything. Their officials acquired the foolish idea that in high prices and high wages we would be assured a higher standard of living. It cannot be repeated too often that it is not how much your wages may be in dollars and cents . . . it is how much they will buy, what they will purchase, that really accurately estimates their value.

During all our previous depressions economic law was allowed to operate, and wages and prices of every kind went down—down to the lowest possible level. And we can take the period during this depression when low prices and low wages prevailed, and the standard of living among many of our workers was as high, perhaps higher, than it is at the present time. The lower wages at that time had a greater purchasing power.

Every citizen must look out for himself in a democracy. That is the price he pays for the liberty he enjoys. But overmuch greed is a destructive force, and in the emergencies we are facing at the present time both capital and labor must harmonize their differences . . . must realize that they are partners and get together and work together.

This administration has made strenuous efforts to separate capital and labor into two fighting groups, and it has been successful in a big way. But many of our labor leaders at the present time are beginning to see the light. They realize that a continuance of this policy—restrictive laws of all kinds—will ultimately eliminate labor troubles. There will be no more unions and the individual workers will be robbed of their rights. There are no labor troubles in Russia, Germany, or Italy.

And we can be assured that if the fight between capital and labor continues, the final result will be governmental control of both capital and labor. Labor will be told how many hours to work . . . what wages they can receive. Regimentation will be their fate unless the various leaders realize the dangers they are facing—and capital will take orders from the same source.

When we are expecting to fight what might be a great battle, there should not be war among those who are preparing for such an emergency. Unity, harmony should be in evidence throughout all the necessary activities.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States and possessions, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.
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How England Can Win

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A famous Irishman challengingly speaks his mind about his people and the war

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

FIRST let me warn you that because I think clearly and say what I think to be the truth I am regarded as Public Enemy No. 1.

As to the Soviet Union:

Russia's action in taking over certain areas of Romania is purely self-protective. She is looking after her own interests. In Romania she is doing exactly the same as she did in Finland and in Poland.

The chief difference with regard to her action in Poland is that there poor Mr. Hitler had to invade and subject the country before Russia selected and took over her bit.

A lot of people seem to think that Russia's action in Romania is a matter of arrangement between Hitler and Stalin. That, of course, is absolutely nonsensical. There are no two men who are less likely to base their relations upon a mutual arrangement than Stalin and Hitler.

But, however disadvantageous Russia's move into Romania may be to Germany, I do not think that it will cause war between the two countries. We seem to think that war with Russia is something easy. People who know more about war do not think so.

It would, naturally, suit us very well to get Hitler to attack Russia, or to have Germany attacked by Russia, but I do not think that will happen. If Hitler were to attack Russia, it would smash him.

If we cast our eyes about us nearer home, we may see that it will become necessary to take some steps about Ireland. We may have to move troops to Ireland. If we are attacked from the west, we must.

People talk a lot to me about sending colonial troops to Ireland to help in her protection; but I do not agree with that idea. I think the Irish would object.

I do not think, however, that the problem of providing for the defense of Ireland against German invasion is very difficult. I think that they would object far more forcibly to an invasion by Germany than they would to investment by British troops, and I think they would welcome those troops if it were put to them in the proper way.

The Irish are a Catholic people and the Germans are not.

I suggest it should be put to the Irish in this manner. It should be explained to them that Ireland is a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and that the great advantage she enjoys as a member is the protection of the Royal Navy and the other armed forces, and that in times of danger she is entitled to claim the protection of these forces.

Far from objecting to the assistance of British troops, the Irish ought to be the first people to ask for it.

I suggest that if it were put to the Irish people in this way they would immediately *demand* that British naval and military forces be sent to protect them from German invasion.

It should also be pointed out to them that the Pope is on our side, and that the British troops who would go to Ireland would spend a lot of money in the country.

As to the main conduct of the war, I do not believe in the blockade as a means of conquering Germany. We have got to fight Hitler. I never have believed in blockading, and in the present case we have to blockade not only Germany but most of the countries of Europe. Starving your enemy may prevent you from fighting to a finish.

If I were in charge of the direction of this war, I should ask Hitler what food he needed, so that the war might be fought out to a finish.

I do not believe that either side can win this war by means of bombing from the air. No doubt the bombings will do a great deal of mischief, and all manner of essential sources of supply will be blown up and destroyed.

We have got to carry on the fight ourselves and cease counting upon the friendships of other countries who dislike Hitler as much as we do. We must fight Hitler to a finish with everything we have.

We must take measures in time, as both Germany and Russia do. We must regard Ireland in much the same way as Stalin regards Romania, or as he did Poland and Finland.

But, mark you, all that I am telling you, though to an intelligent man it is obvious and true, will bring down the anger of Bumbledom.

THE END

The Voice with a Smile

"We hold," says a well-known writer, "that the young ladies of the American long distance telephone wires make up what is probably the most efficient public service crew in the world. They have profound patience and that capacity for taking pains that some one once said is all that genius amounts to.

"We once called a fellow at a hotel in Philadelphia but he had just departed on an automobile trip in a westerly direction. A few days later the long distance operator caught up with him in a little town in Missouri and he was the most surprised man in all but one of the States of the Union. The exception was New York. We were the most surprised there. To this day we have no idea how the operator did it."

DAMON RUNYON
in the *New York Mirror*

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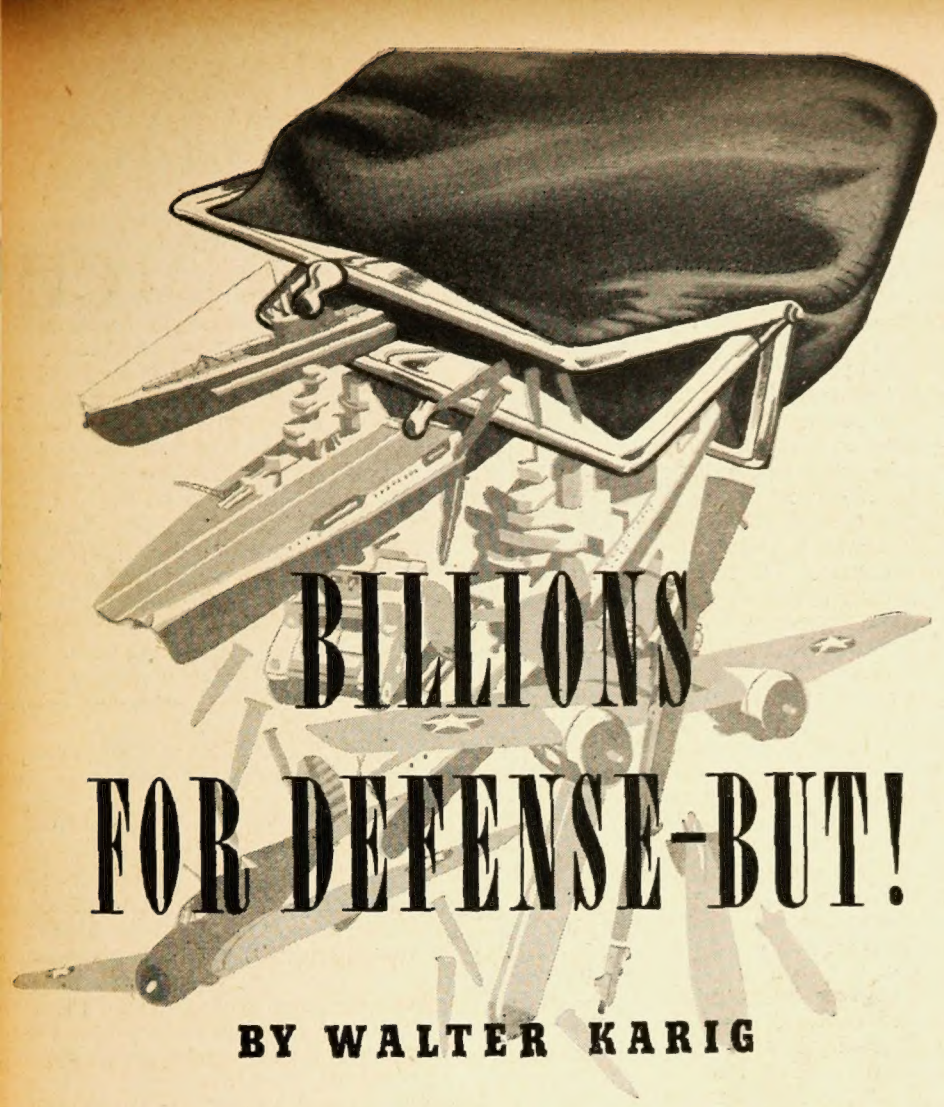


BILLIONS FOR DEFENSE—BUT!

What have we to show for it all?—Here are the unvarnished facts

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

"FOR heaven's sake, keep politics out of our national defense!" So pray the men in uniform, especially the younger ones holding commands.

But politics is in national defense even now. Republicans are demanding that the administration be turned out because the United States is somewhat less than a first-rate Power despite the expenditure of billions. The Democrats say it would be treason to elect a Republican administration because it was the Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover governments that "Chinafied" our army and navy and because from 1933 to 1939 the Republicans in Congress attacked every increased defense appropriation.

Both sides produce facts and figures which are essentially correct. Both are wrong, dead wrong, in their conclusions and their accusations.

There are other kinds of politics being played with our defenses. The public is least aware of the departmental politics, office politics, played on a grand scale in the top ranks of the army and the navy. And the public itself is a party to the patronage politics whereby the army and the navy are used for local exploitation.

All three kinds contribute to the inadequacy that was suddenly made apparent last spring, when the smoldering volcano in Europe erupted.

What the American people want to know is this: How much have we spent on national defense? What have we got to show for it?

Why haven't we got more?

The answers to the first two questions are easy. From 1922 through 1939 the United States spent $5,700,000,000 on its army, $6,950,000,000 on its navy. Total, $12,650,000,000.

From 1922 to the advent of the Roosevelt administration it spent $3,600,000,000 on the army and $4,260,000,000 on the navy, or an average of about $300,000,000 a year on the army and $355,000,000 a year on the navy. In the first two years of the Roosevelt administration much less was spent than that annual average of the Republican era. The world was not only at peace, but it was flat broke. From 1936 onward defense appropriations took a big jump every year. Italy, Germany, and Japan had started to throw their weight around. Besides, the President thought a rearmament program would be a swell tonic for idleness in heavy industry.

So we find that the average annual appropriations over which the Roosevelt administration has had control, up to 1940, have been $348,300,000 for the army and $475,075,000 for the navy. Starting well below the 1922-33 average, the wind-up shows the Roosevelt administration spending $48,300,000 more a year for the army, and $120,000,000 more for the navy, than the annual averages for the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover years. Here is another way of looking at it. For the six fiscal years of the Roosevelt administration the United States spent $2,089,810,000 on the army; for the preceding six Hoover-Coolidge years the appropriations totaled $1,897,642,000. The comparative figures for naval expenditures are $2,690,450,000 and $2,131,453,000.

The difference, you see, is not very large any way you figure it. This disposes of the slanders the Democrats and the Republicans are hurling at each other.

What have we to show for our money? We have a navy which, ship for ship, could beat the best in either ocean, all other things being equal. But it is a one-ocean navy and it is hampered by poor auxiliaries. The youngest battleship now in service is seventeen years old.

Let us compare our navy with Japan's. Considering only ships afloat, we have fifteen battleships to Japan's ten. Each country is building four. We have eighteen heavy cruisers to Japan's twelve, and in light cruisers we stand even at fifteen all. However, Japan has eight old light cruisers to our two. We have only fifty-seven new destroyers to Japan's seventy-five, but, counting all vessels of this class regardless of age, we have 219 to Japan's 134. Japan outclasses us in airplane carriers eleven to five. In submarines we have twenty-seven new ones to Japan's thirty-six, but our total is ninety-five to Japan's sixty-one.

Japan intends to complete its four new battleships next year, while we will complete only two. According to our present program, we will have twenty-five battleships—in 1944. There is no way of telling what Japan proposes to have then.

We took the naval limitations treaty of 1922 with pop-eyed idealism. We scrapped good ships, while the other nations tore up blueprints or junked old tubs. Then Japan announced it would not abide by the treaty after 1935. We waited two years before starting to build in competition.

Who is to blame? Why blame anybody? Remember, when the politicians start hollering, that most of

them, in both parties, were against giving the navy even half of what it wanted as late as May, 1940. The Navy Department asked for a 25-per-cent increase. Congress cut it down to 11 per cent. The Democrats control Congress. Most Republicans concurred in the cuts, or wanted them made heavier.

Remember, too, that it costs about $275,000,000 a year just to keep our navy afloat.

And we all took Adolf Hitler at his word when he said he had "no further territorial ambitions" after he took the Sudeten area from Czechoslovakia. Nobody, not even his next-door neighbors, suspected the kind of war he had up his sleeve.

AFTER the 1940 spring maneuvers of the navy, Secretary Edison reported that airplanes had "a temporary advantage over surface vessels." He recommended that additional armor be placed on warships' decks, and that all superstructures be streamlined. Screams went up from the old-line naval bigwigs. Nevertheless, added protection and defenses against air attack are being put on our ships, and those which are not completed are being redesigned.

Navy politics centers on the promotion system, which is by "selection boards." No one with any ambition is going to risk making his superiors sore. If an admiral says paddle wheels are better than screws, the underlings had better agree with him. Secretary Edison had to tear the Navy Department to shreds before he could have modern high-pressure steam engines installed in the new ships—although every modern ocean-going merchant vessel has used them for years.

Aviation has suffered from the same sort of stick-in-the-mud traditionalism in the navy and army both. How do we stand in the air? The navy has 3,363 planes, of which only 1,367 are "adequate" for battle. The army has 2,794, but only 800 are fit for fighting. At the beginning of the year none had the improvements added by the Germans—armored cockpits and puncture-proof gasoline tanks, *although the puncture-proof tanks are an American invention.*

Our pursuit ships, the P-38s, are far and ahead of anything any other nation possesses. Our bomb sights, which we are assured are still a closely guarded secret, are uncannily accurate. One reason why we have not more airplanes is that Congress threw out army and navy requests for more air power, to provide money to pay out in vote-producing farm bounties. Since June, Congress has been authorizing airplanes lavishly.

In any race for air power *starting today*, the United States has an advantage in its huge mass-production facilities, its direct access to raw materials, its huge reservoir of skilled mechanics. American boys learn to fly quicker than the youth of any other nation. Though we have only 8,000 military-naval pilots, we could triple that number in ninety days.

But why are we not better off *now?* Because the generals and the admirals and the Congress just didn't believe airplanes were what Hitler has proved them to be.

Out of the nearly $7,000,000,000 spent on the navy since 1922, less than 3 per cent went for aviation. In 1939 we spent $633,219,000 on the navy, and of that amount $24,000,000 on naval aviation. We appropriated $435,634,000 for the army, of which $39,000,000 was for aircraft and $3,500,000 for aviation research.

In 1921 General "Billy" Mitchell argued that "the only defense against air power is air power," and to prove it, army flyers, dropping bombs by hand, sank a submarine, a destroyer, a cruiser, the prize-of-war German battleship Ostfriesland. The admirals and generals scoffed. In warfare, they said, the airplanes would be driven off by gunfire. Undaunted, Mitchell used the battleships New Jersey and Virginia for targets in 1923, with the same result.

For his impudence Mitchell was reduced to a colonel. When he refused to be silenced, he was arrested, court-martialed, and suspended from service for five years.

That's office politics of the kind that has hampered our defenses all along the line. However, we can't heap all the blame on it. We, the people, through our representatives in Congress, refused to listen to Mitchell and General Arnold and others who begged that aviation be given a chance. You know who did listen, don't you? Hitler and Goering!

SOME time ago this correspondent bragged in Liberty about the army's new antiaircraft artillery. Its invention was first publicized in Liberty. Europe has nothing to equal it. But—we have about 300 antiaircraft guns, not half of them of the newest design; about enough, all told, to defend Hartford, Connecticut.

Why? Oh, they cost too much—and besides, who was ever coming over here with airplanes to attack us?

What about the army? Well, we have 227,000 men under arms—partial arms, that is. We actually have, by present-day standards, a completely equipped fighting force of only 75,000 men. About 38,000 are equipped with the new Garand automatic rifle. General Marshall, the chief of staff, wanted 240,000 Garands. Congress allowed 169,000, the last of which will be delivered in June, 1942. The army wanted 1,556 antitank guns. It was allowed to order 526 for delivery next June, to add to the 218 on hand. Our field artillery consists of 101 modern rubber-tired three-inch guns, with 499 in production. We have a little more than one division of mechanized cavalry, and no provision for increases was made until President Roosevelt sent his demand for $2,000,000,000 worth of emergency equipment to Congress a few weeks ago.

Out of $4,000,000,000 appropriated for the army since 1930, only $674,000,000 was for new equipment. The balance was to support what we had. It is impossible to equip Panzer divisions, Hitler style, on an average annual allowance of $67,400,000 for new material.

In 1938 we put only 1.4 cents out of every dollar of national income into the army and navy. In the same year Great Britain spent 5 per cent for armament, France 6 per cent, Italy 13 per cent, Japan 30 per cent, Germany perhaps as much as 60 per cent.

Turn to government expenditures. In 1938, when war was threatening but had broken out extensively only in Asia, the United States government spent only a nickel, out of every dollar of expenditures, for the army and the navy. Only two other governments—New Zealand and the Union of South Africa—spent less than 10 per cent of their budgets on armaments. Italy spent 45 per cent, Britain 60 per cent, Japan 68 per cent, France 78 per cent, Germany, in effect, about 95 per cent.

Unlike Europe, we pay high wages to our soldiers, to our factory workers. We have a forty-hour week in industry. We allow a profit of 10 per cent to our manufacturers of war materials. Moreover, in Europe the military have an active and frequently a controlling voice in civil government. So our present belated, hurried, and enormously expensive defense preparation represents the price we pay for democracy—not a high price for it by any means. But we could get it cheaper if some of us didn't ask our congressmen to chisel; for example, to see to it that the army maintains a lot of costly and useless posts created long ago to defend settlers of the Western plains against Indians, simply because well paid soldiers provide a source of income for local shopkeepers and purveyors of amusement.

I think, when you get right down to it, that we have pretty nearly as efficient a national defense as we deserve, and we always have had. By and large, we get what we ask and what we pay for. Right now we are badly scared, and with some reason; but in our fright we are prone to forget our enormous national resources in raw materials, in trained men, in industrial capacity.

THE truth is, we never expected, until 1940, to have to defend the United States against any enemy except, possibly, Japan. And even in that event, our intentions and plans have been to carry the fight to the opponent.

For a hundred and seventeen years we have made the Monroe Doctrine the definition of what we would go to war about. The doctrine was challenged three times, and each time we won without firing a shot. The main reason we haven't got a walloping big up-to-date army and a corresponding navy is that we have not been in danger of invasion since 1814. Well, England believed *she* was in no danger of it. There's our object lesson.

THE END

PIONEER Lady

BY JOHN AND WARD HAWKINS

A fist smashed him and spun him backward.

Murder clears the way for romance! A stirring, tense tale of a brave heart and a dark dilemma

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE day had a steamy warmth. The mud was drying underfoot as Mary climbed the hill path to the Wagner encampment. She was tall, well boned, and her mouth was a smiling mouth. Her hair was brown and her eyes were brown. And though the hill was steep, she moved with a light, quick step, climbing toward the corral that lay just short of the wooded crest.

She saw Jeff Hazen there, working with the men who were repairing the pole fence. She called, and he came toward her, his eyes alight with recognition and pleasure.

"Mary," he said. "You're a long way from home!"

He was a solid, stocky man. His bare arms were corded and brown; his hands blunt-fingered, square. The scar, down-slashed across one temple, hadn't been there when he left Sweet Valley. The years had toughened him, but his smile was the same, quick, white.

"Seein' you here in St. Joe's like seein' a ghost," he said. "It was '46 when I seen you last. Six years, Mary—Mrs. Van Dorn. A long time."

"I heard you was wintering here," said Mary.

"My company leaves May first."

"Can we go with you, Jeff? To Oregon, I mean."

"The company votes on who's to go. I can put it up to them."

"Would you do that, Jeff?"

His face was sober. "Seems like it's a man's place to deal with the company," he said. "The equipment and such's got to be checked. The men won't like to deal with a woman."

"There's just the children and me, Jeff. Papa died last year."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"I sold the farm and most of the stock. I—"

"You come from Sweet Valley by yourself?"

Mary said, "Yes, Jeff."

The rest she'd planned a hundred times, seeing this day in the ruddy flames of cooking fires on the long way west. But it wasn't easy to say. Jeff was so quiet, his thoughts so deep hidden. He'd courted her back in Sweet Valley. She'd all but promised to marry him, and then Clyde Van Dorn had come along to beat Jeff's time. That old hurt was between them now—and a wall of years that made it hard to speak.

She said, "Jeff," and her voice had a scratchy, far-off sound. "Clyde left me just when Tuck was born."

"That makes it bad," said Jeff.

Stoutly Mary said, "I got along."

Jeff was frowning. "You must have found it hard to raise up a family in Sweet Valley without help. And what's bad in Sweet Valley is ten times worse in St. Joe. I'll put it up to the company, but I know the answer won't be to your liking."

"I come this far alone."

"It's a long road to Oregon. A hard road."

"I got a good wagon and good stock. I can pay for what I need. And I got a gun. I can fight."

Jeff's teeth shone in a brief grin.

"We got to keep close guard on the stock. The men take night watch by turns. We got to build rafts to get across some of the rivers. It's share and share alike, and a family without a man is just a dead weight."

"I'll take my turn at guard."

"The men wouldn't stand for it." Jeff scrubbed his palms together. "I'd have to side with 'em," he said awk-

wardly. "You better go back home."

Mary said, "I'll do no such thing."

"You force me to speak plain," said Jeff. "This's St. Joe. There's ten thousand emigrants here, waitin' to take the trail. The law can't keep pace with that many folks. There's plenty of stealin' goin' on. Plenty of —well, everything that's bad. A man can fight to keep what's his, but a woman—"

"I'm goin' to Oregon, Jeff Hazen," said Mary firmly, "and all your talk's not goin' to stop me."

"Time's gentled you none."

Jeff's voice was soft but the words struck home. He had said that once before—long, long before.

Mary said, "Jeff, you—"

He made a fist of one square hand and pressed it hard against the palm of the other. "I knew about Clyde," he said heavily. "His leaving you, I mean. I saw him in St. Louis 'bout two months ago. He was house man in one of the games there."

"Clyde is in St. Louis?"

"He probably went down the river." Jeff's scowl deepened and he did not meet her eyes. "Him and that—that woman he had with him."

"I thank you for telling me," Mary whispered.

Jeff cleared his throat. "I'll speak to the company 'bout you going with us," he said. "I'll let you know."

She left him then, turning back the way she had come. Clyde was in St. Louis. Her mind was full of that.

From the foot of the hill Mary could see the crowd around her wagon. She wondered about that until she heard Tuck's high-pitched scream, and then she knew the answer. Tuck wasn't hurt—no six-year-old boy could be in pain and still make that much noise. It was a Tuck tantrum. He needed a blistering. Mary ran.

Curious emigrants and rivermen made up the crowd. Sara, Tuck's sister, watched round-eyed from the wagon. Tuck and a whiskered trapper in greasy buckskins were at the hub of things. The trapper was very drunk; his woozy efforts to shush Tuck were wasted. Finally, in desperation, he clamped his hand over Tuck's open mouth, and Tuck bit him.

MARY arrived then. The trapper saw her coming, ducked and threw up his free hand. But Mary was interested only in Tuck. She caught him with an open-handed slap that spun him free of the trapper's grip. Tuck looked at his mother. One look was enough. He scrambled to his feet and lit out for the wagon.

The crowd moved on, but the old trapper stayed with apologies and explanations. "The little feller snaffled my hat, ma'am. He throwed it in the horse trough. So I paddled him, just easy-like, and you'd 'a' thought I scalped him."

"Just what he deserved," said Mary.

"Aw, I wouldn't say that, ma'am. Here, I'll give 'im a dime. That'll show there's no hard feelin's."

And though Mary protested he would have it no other way. "I got plenty o' money," he declared, and slapped an elaborately beaded poke of soft leather down on the wagon's tail gate. "Pawnee squaw made that poke for me," he said proudly. "Put my initials on it. S. R. Stands for Silas Rummel. Made me a belt too—"

He dug in his pockets again and came up with a beaded belt. This was for Mary. In the end she accepted it, to be rid of him.

But she wasn't rid of him. She had no sooner settled in the Wagner encampment when he appeared with his pockets full of penny candy for Tuck. Tuck was all for being friends, but Mary balked.

Silas had to have a bath first. He had to get his hair cut and his beard trimmed. He had to burn his old buckskins and buy clothes with some of the gold he bragged about. Surprisingly, Silas agreed. "The little feller," he explained wistfully, "puts me in mind of a lad I used to know."

ON the fourth day after Mary had spoken to Jeff, Clyde came.

Mary was washing clothes. She looked up from her scrubboard to see him there, leaning on the tail gate of the wagon, looking at her.

"Clyde," she breathed. "Clyde Van Dorn—"

"Yes, Mary." His smile was mocking. "Your own husband has come back to you."

That was Clyde Van Dorn. He could be amused by something as flatly cruel as this. He wore a tall hat, a flowered waistcoat, a velvet tie. He managed to wear them with a certain dash, though they were frayed and soiled. In sudden bitterness, Mary thought Clyde was like his clothes. For all his darkly handsome looks, he wasn't clean. She drew a shaky breath.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Mary," he said. "You'd think I wasn't welcome."

"The woman in St. Louis—did you bring her?"

"So Jeff Hazen told you that, eh?" He shrugged. "Jeff's still in love with you, isn't he? And you with him. Sure. That's how I found you. Jeff told me in St. Louis that he was leaving St. Joe for Oregon, May first. I had word from home that you'd sold the ranch to go to Oregon. I knew you'd go with Jeff." He made a chiding sound. "And you a married woman!"

Swift color flooded Mary's cheeks. Clyde was tormenting her, just as he always had. But this time she wouldn't fight back. She'd deny him that pleasure.

He laughed easily. "You're pretty when you're mad. How do you do it? Twenty-four, the mother of two children, and still the prettiest woman in St. Joe."

Mary did not answer.

"I know there's nothing between you and Jeff," he said. "You're much too godly. I can't understand people like you."

"Of course you can't."

"But I can use you. Get me something to eat."

Mary obeyed. The fact that she hated the sight of him, that her throat ached with disappointment bordering on despair, made no difference. She had promised to be his wife ". . . until death us do part . . ." and that, for her, was the whole story.

Clyde sliced the bacon. He used his own knife, a clasp knife with a six-inch blade. It was very sharp.

He said, "You must have got a

He held the lantern. He lifted it, scanning Clyde with shrewd eyes. "How long you been home?"

good price for the farm. It seems like you'd give me my share. I'm a little short—business being what it is."

"You mean cardplaying!" Mary straightened. "You'll not get a penny," she said. "You did no work on the ranch—you've got no right to the money. Besides, papa left it to the children and me. I've got to look out for them. You never do!"

"You paint me pretty black," Clyde said. "I deserve it, I guess. But I've changed, Mary. We'll start again, where we left off. How about it?"

Mary said, "You're going with us, then?"

"I may go," he said. "I'll let you know."

He left her then, going back toward town.

JEFF HAZEN came at suppertime. Mary heard Tuck's "Hey, mister," and looked up to find him standing close by. He was hatless, and in the shifting light of the cooking fire he looked flushed and uneasy.

"I talked to the company," he said.

Mary said, "Yes, Jeff."

"The terms ain't what you'll like, but you can go if you want to. It's a kind of a partnership thing."

There was an awkward pause. I ought to tell him Clyde's here, Mary thought. I— Then, before she could find words, Jeff spoke in a slow, halting way:

"I got no family dependin' on me,"

he said. "I'm sort of a free hand. The company figured I—well, if you was to do my cookin' and washin', I could stand your night watches and such. See what I mean?"

Mary said, "Jeff, I can't!"

"I'm not proposin' anything indecent," he said in a quick, flat voice. "I wouldn't come near your wagon, except at mealtimes."

"Clyde's here," said Mary.

For a moment there was only the hungry sound of the fire.

"And you let him come back?" Jeff said at last.

"I had to, Jeff! He's my husband." The words came in a choked rush.

He said, "Then you don't need me. Good night, Mary."

He had been gone but a moment when Clyde lounged into the circle of firelight. He was swaying, but for all that he moved as silently as a cat. He held the clasp knife loosely in one hand. The slender blade glittered as he clicked it open and shut.

He grinned broadly. "I think the pot's been calling the kettle black. Mary, my dear, you're no better than you should be."

"You would think of that," said Mary.

"He offered to take you to Oregon, didn't he?"

"It was just a kindness. He—"

"If you were old and ugly, I'd believe that."

The knife clicked open and shut endlessly. Clyde moved close to her—so close she could smell the hot reek of tobacco and cheap whisky.

"You're drunk," she said.

HE laughed. "What of it? I'm not tied to your petticoat—not yet." His hand shot out to catch her wrist in a crushing grip. "I made a decision. Just now I made it. I'm going to Oregon with you, after all."

"What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to act like a wife should act."

"You're not interested in me," she said quietly. "No more than you'd be in a dog you could kick. You don't care about the children. It's the money you're after—the money we got for papa's farm."

"We understand each other." His mouth turned hard; and slowly, terribly, his hand tightened on Mary's wrist. "You'll give me my share of that money, or I'll—"

Painfully Mary said, "I'll not give you a cent, and you'll not hunt for it. I'll tell every man in camp what you are and what you're trying to do. I'll—"

"I'll not hunt for it," he said. "But you'll give me that money of your own free will before I'm through." His eyes were ugly with the shine of the fire. He twisted her arm up and back, forcing a cry from her lips.

The shrill and savage yell came then. Tuck bolted out of the dark, his small face a white mask of fury. He kicked at Clyde, clawed at his arm.

"Let ma be!" he screamed. "Stop hurtin' her!"

Clyde dropped the knife and chopped down with his free hand, catching the boy full across the mouth. Tuck reeled back, fell. He looked up at them from the ground, his dark eyes slowly filling with tears.

"Spitfire, eh?" Clyde released Mary's wrist and grinned at her. "I'm here to stay," he said. "And you better keep those brats out of my way."

THINGS got worse as the days went by. There was the time Clyde found Silas Rummel squatting with Tuck in the shade of the wagon. Mary didn't hear what passed between them, but she saw the angry jut of the old man's jaw as he went down the trail. And she knew that they had lost a friend.

It was the same with the others—the women of the camp, the kids who'd played with Tuck and Sara before Clyde came, the men who'd stopped to talk. The bitter lash of Clyde's tongue, his sudden rages had kept them away.

Mary saw Jeff Hazen but once in the next long week. He was climbing the hill from St. Joe, and he stopped with apples for Tuck and Sara.

"You go west with us day after tomorrow," he said. "Clyde asked to join the company. They voted to take him."

Mary said, "You made them vote that way."

"Might've," he admitted. "It's better that you and the young ones should be with folks you know."

"I thank you, Jeff."

"And Clyde," he said. "I hear he—"

Quickly Mary said, "Clyde's fine. Now that we're all goin' west together, we . . ." She let her voice lag then, for Jeff Hazen was looking down at the purple bruise on her arm. He was scowling.

"He hasn't changed," he said.

"I bumped that against the wagon seat."

"You're a poor liar," he said, and turned away.

It was late when Tuck scampered up the trail. "Pa's headed this way," he said. "He's drunk again!"

"He's always drunk," Sara retorted.

With a sinking heart Mary turned to face Clyde. He was drunk, and the black look on his face told her the liquor had turned him savage.

"I want to talk to you," he said. "Inside."

Mary followed him into the tent. He faced her, swaying on widespread feet. His voice was hoarse, low.

"I need money, Mary. There's a game down in town—a big game. I can clean up if you'll stake me."

Mary said, "No, Clyde."

"You've got money," he said. "And I can't even stand my turn for the drinks. I can't sit in any game. A hell of a state of things that is!" Anger jerked his mouth. "It's going to change! Hear me?"

He struck her hard across the mouth. Mary stumbled back against the taut canvas, blood roaring in her head. When she opened her eyes she was alone in the tent.

MARY didn't know what had awakened her. It wasn't the shot—she was sitting bolt upright when she heard that—and it wasn't the shouting of men on the road outside camp. It was something else—something that had gone, leaving no memory but fear.

Clyde's pillow was untouched. He was still away.

The shouting outside was toward St. Joseph, and it drew nearer, became more urgent. A boot thudded close by, and suddenly a dark shape was at the entrance.

It was Clyde. He pushed in hurriedly. The tent was filled with the wet, labored rasp of his breathing. He undressed, ripping the clothes from his body with a kind of frenzied haste. Mary, watching him, was afraid to move. A voice burst out, surprisingly close:

"He went that way . . . to the left!"

Clyde was beside her then, pulling her down. "I've been here an hour!" he whispered. "Tell them that when they ask. D'you hear?"

She didn't answer; she couldn't.

His hand found her throat. "You'll tell them that, or by heaven . . ."

The voices, in a compact group now, came toward them. Some one said, "This tent . . ." Then a voice with authority called:

"You in there, Van Dorn?"

Clyde made his voice sleepy. "Yeah. What d'you want?"

"Come out." There was a low whisper, and the voice added, "And bring your woman with you."

"Wait'll I get my pants on," Clyde said.

Roughly he pulled Mary from the bed and thrust a robe into her hands. He whispered, "Put it on!" She obeyed, for his face, caught in the lanternlight from outside, held something she couldn't defy. Something savage. Dear God! Mary thought. What has he done?

"Remember," he said, and his whisper was like the blade that appeared and vanished in his hand. "I've been here an hour! Cross me, and I'll get to those kids before anything happens to me. I swear it! I—"

The men were waiting in a rough half-circle before the tent—silent men, their faces curiously bleak. The dark and bearded Frank Vogan was the spokesman. He held the lantern. He lifted it now, scanning Clyde with shrewd black eyes. His voice was held purposely flat.

"How long you been home?"

"An hour or so," said Clyde.

"You're sure of that, eh?"

"Ask Mary, here."

"I'll do that." Frank Vogan turned to Mary. "But first I'll tell her what happened, so she'll know what she's answerin' to. Silas Rummel was murdered a few minutes ago, ma'am, on the trail yonder. Murdered and robbed . . ."

Mary's hand went to her mouth.

Frank Vogan went on slowly:

"Y'see, Silas cleaned up in a stud game—won a couple, three hundred. Gold, it was. Somebody laid for him, slugged him, and took his poke. The guy didn't hit Silas hard enough, 'cause we heard him yellin' for help. The guy stabbed him, and Silas started screamin'. Maybe you heard him, ma'am. It was pretty loud . . ."

It was the scream, then, that had awakened Mary. Her nod was mechanical, jerky.

"Well, a bunch of us got there quick, and we seen the murderer runnin' this way. We took a shot at him, but he got clear. He come into this camp and disappeared. Likely he's in one of these tents. Mind you, we ain't accusin' your man. We're just askin'. Has he been here all the time?"

The crowd was silent, a dark mass, a battery of eyes. Mary faced them numbly. Her mind was a confused jumble of impressions. Uppermost was the memory of Clyde's face of a moment ago—his knife, his threat. He was standing a pace behind her. The wagon was to his left, and a stride or two would take him to the children. Mary's voice seemed oddly remote.

"He's been here—at least an hour . . ."

Clyde Van Dorn let go his breath.

"Thank you, ma'am," Vogan said. "Good night to you." . . .

Clyde drew Mary into the tent. She heard Frank Vogan's voice rise in sharp anger. "If she says he was there, he was! She ain't a woman to lie. Let's see about Smedly."

Mary said: "You killed him—"

Clyde slapped a quick hand across her mouth, held it there, gagging her. The crowd moved on, and presently it was a faint murmur at another tent. Clyde pushed Mary away. She stared at him, her mouth distorted.

She said again, "You killed him!"

Angrily he thrust his hand in his pocket, brought it out filled with minted gold. "Sure!" His voice was hoarse. "He yelled and I had to! And there's his money. I took it and threw the poke away. Damn you, it's your fault! You drove me to it!"

"That's a lie!" Mary breathed. "You'll hang!"

"No, I won't." He caught her by the shoulders, his fingers almost tearing the flesh. "You're the only one that knows, and you won't tell. D'you hear? Because, if you do, I'll kill those kids before I die—if I have to fight the camp to get to them!"

"You're trying to scare me." Mary's voice was a dry whisper. "You needn't. I won't risk the children. I won't have to. There's blood on your hands, and that will betray you. That and your dirty greed!"

"I'll risk those," Clyde said.

"Then let me go. I'll sleep in the wagon."

Clyde laughed. "Pleasant dreams."

THE morning sun was full up when Mary slipped out of the wagon and went to the tent. She pushed at the flaps, listening to the slow sound of Clyde's breathing. Then, quietly, she went in.

Clyde's dark head was buried in the pillow. Mary picked a careful way to a clothes chest opposite the bed. She raised the lid and bent over the chest, fumbling deep inside.

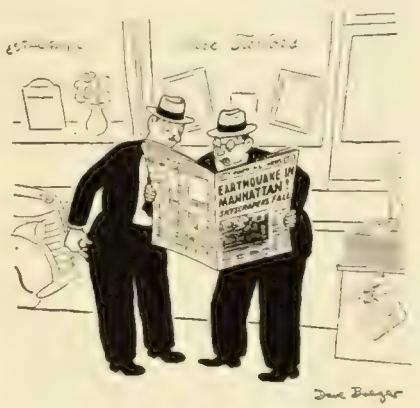
Clyde said, "So that's the bank, eh?"

He was beside her even as she turned, pulling her back and away from the chest, saying, "You wouldn't be sneakin' around if you weren't up to something." He twisted her hand up and pried the clenched fingers open to disclose the poke she held.

"Ah!" he said softly. "I was right."

"I warn you," said Mary. "You'll wish you hadn't!"

He laughed and shook the gold pieces into his palm. "Fifty dollars. Not much, but with what I've got it



"Just as I feared, Joe, Plainsville beat Bridgeport 4 to 3!"

makes a fair stake. Now, get out of here. I got to dress."

When he had finished breakfast he went down the trail, whistling lightly.

Murder, Mary thought, rests easy on his mind.

Tuck's voice broke excitedly from the wagon. "Ma, look! The belt old Silas give you is broke. The beads is all gone. All of 'em, ma!"

Mary looked at her hand. The thumb was swollen, scarred by the marks of a needle. "I used the beads last night," she said—and her voice broke on a low sob. "May God say they went for a good cause!"

The poke was a comfortable weight in Clyde Van Dorn's pocket as he walked. The money belt, thick-packed with old Rummel's gold, was snug at his waist. He wouldn't touch that; not today. He'd spend the fifty dollars he'd got from Mary first.

St. Joseph was alive with talk of the killing. Men had gathered in tight groups on the walks, along the dim length of the saloon bar. Clyde saw Frank Vogan there. With him were two of the men who had helped search the camp.

Clyde walked toward them.

"Any luck?" he asked easily.

Frank Vogan said, "Not any."

A tall man lifted his sharp face. "There's a man that needs hangin'. He won't last a minute if we find him. Silas Rummel never hurt anybody."

Clyde said, "Is there any way I can help?"

"Not unless you got him in your pocket," said the tall man. "Decent of you to ask, though. After the way we pulled you out of bed last night."

Clyde smiled. "I hold no grudge about that. Let's have a drink."

"Don't mind if I do."

They turned, facing inward to the bar. Clyde got the poke from his pocket, thumped it on the shining wood. The bartender brought a bottle and glasses.

Clyde said, "Help yourselves, gentlemen."

"Thank you kindly," said the tall man. . . .

"'S. R.,'" said Frank Vogan. "Silas Rummel."

The tall man swore in astonishment. The bottle jerked in his hand and liquor sloshed across the bar-top to darken the soft leather of the poke Clyde had dropped there. An elaborate poke which bore two letters made of Indian beads.

"His!" the tall man said. "Silas Rummel's!"

Frank Vogan's voice was curiously flat and cold. "And he was proud of it. Many's the time he told me how a Pawnee squaw made that poke for him." His hand closed on Clyde's arm. "You're handy with a knife, too. I'd give odds you had it at your woman's back last night, so's to make her lie for you."

"That's her poke," Clyde protested. "She—she tricked me!"

Harshly the tall man said, "Search him!"

"If we find Rummel's gold," said Vogan, "then—"

He caught at Clyde's waist, ripping his shirt wide to disclose the thick-packed money belt. He said, "Now we've got it!" And cold panic welled up in Clyde. He yanked his arm free of Vogan's grasp. He was lunging away from the bar when a fist smashed him high on the cheek, spun him backward into waiting arms. The crowd had thickened now. There were many men—bleak, quiet men—closing in around him. Clyde tried to scream, but no sound came.

ST. JOSEPH was behind and the river was behind. For nine days the wagons of the Wagner Company had rolled westward on the trail. The noontime halt was but an hour away now. As Mary kept pace with her plodding oxen, she wondered what to fix for Jeff Hazen's dinner.

From the wagon seat, Sara called, "Here he comes, ma!" Her eyes shone. "Jeff's comin'!"

Mary said, "Hush, dear."

But Sara slipped down from the seat and ran to her mother's side. "Everything's going to be all right now, ain't it, ma? Jeff'll take care of us, won't he?"

"Yes, dear," said Mary softly. "Jeff will take care of us." And she was smiling as she looked up to face the brown and laughing man who came toward them.

THE END

Youth Congress and the Communistic Blight

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THIS year the American Youth Congress held what was, let us hope, its last convention. On doings of the preposterous gathering at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, I can report firsthand. I figured as the focus of some characteristic A. Y. C. dramatics. I had a part in a futile attempt to shake the Communist control of the outfit. There were speeches, resolutions, voting, prattling, mouthing, conniving. The result of it all was to convince me finally and forever that the American Youth Congress is a tentacle of Communism and can never be anything else. It is Red and will stay unalterably Red.

The babbling of the juvenile and not so juvenile Commies recalled to me rather sickeningly an experience nine years before. In 1931 I made a trip to Soviet Russia. I wanted to see Communism at first hand. The world depression was on, was in a downward spiral. Some people were predicting a complete revolution. About that time I read Maurice Hindus' book, Humanity Uprooted. He drew a beautiful and hopeful picture of Soviet Russia and of the progress of its people during thirteen years of Communism. So I went to see the Red Utopia.

What I witnessed during the short time I was there was enough to decide me for all time about the practical workings of Communism. Human beings brought up in the countries of our Western civilization, no matter how commonplace or simple their lives may be, cannot conceive of the actual conditions in Soviet Russia. They cannot imagine the wretchedness of the lives of the people—everybody except the commissars and their favorites. Even the bed of roses on which the commissars lie is not without its thorns. They live in a nightmare of the spy system and political envy. They have a complete consciousness that there is no one in Soviet Russia that can be trusted. No Russian feels he has a trustworthy friend. The people work for five days, and stand in line on the sixth—which is supposed to be their day off. They stand endlessly in line to get the most meager supplies of the necessities of life. I saw them in rags—the old, the young. Many were wearing burlap in place of shoes. Even burlap was hard to get. However, the military were all well shod, well dressed, and well fed.

I visited a smelting plant outside Moscow. In the yard was an immense pile of metals, nearly all taken from churches. There were bells, candelabra, trimmings of icons, crucifixes. The pile was fifty or sixty feet in height. I stood gazing, and on the top I noticed an object that looked like a man lying down, sleeping. I asked the Russian foreman about it.

"Oh, that?" he laughed.

He ran up to the top of the pile. There he kicked the prone figure—shoved it violently with his boot. It rolled down the pile of metal and fell almost at my feet. It was a beautifully modeled life-size Christ in bronze. The foreman came back. He said, "The churches took money from the people to buy these things. We are now taking these things back from the churches."

"What do you make of this metal?" I asked.

"Shells and bullets," he replied.

The Soviets neither revere nor respect any of the things we hold sacred.

The year following my visit, 1932, the Kremlin gang with their well fed and adequately clothed soldiers went down to the Ukraine to discipline the peasant farmers for refusing to obey the official order to collectivize. They killed and coerced. They emptied cellars and bins of food, and left the population to starve. It is estimated that between three and five million people starved to death, though that year there was a wheat surplus of one hundred fifty million bushels, more than enough to have saved every life. No communication with the stricken area was allowed the outside world. When Stalin disciplines, he disciplines, even to the extent of causing the greatest famine in history.

I never thought that I would live to see the day that any group of this great nation of ours under the God of free men would applaud such inhuman villainy. This nation of noble fathers and noble sons, who have always sympathized with the underdog and admired the noble deed, must feel pretty sad that a wretched claque of Communist applauders can call themselves Americans.

However, Soviet agents, though they know the facts of Soviet conditions, never disclose them to their prospective dupes. In a liberal, bountiful country like this, they must misrepresent them.

I first heard of the American Youth Congress some six years ago—the time when it was launched. I was perhaps more interested than most. I felt I owed a distinct debt to youth. I had made my way in the world as a boxer, and was only too well aware how much boxing owed to the young—to the interest that youth has in sports, in combat, in tests of strength, skill, and courage.

By GENE TUNNEY

A champion of yesterday strikes a forthright blow at a strange phenomenon in this America of today

I felt that boxing was a source of benefit to youth, that it promoted ideals of bravery, gameness, sportsmanship. I could not have been proud of my profession unless I had thought so.

It soon became apparent that the American Youth Congress was in the clutch of the Red sharpers. They were at their customary tactics—getting inside an idealistic organization and sneaking their way into control. There were patriotic elements in the A. Y. C. that fought against the dominance of an alien ism. Some got out. Some were expelled. Others stayed in, hoping to break the Red strangle hold. One group asked me for assistance. I did what I could.

This year a score of young protagonists of Americanism, headed by Murray Plavner, went to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, in a final effort against Stalin's agents. They suggested that I address the A. Y. C. in behalf of Americanism. I went to Lake Geneva, and there observed the blackballing of the patriotic group. The Red-controlled convention refused to admit the anti-Communist delegates. The A. Y. C. comrades thereupon invited me to address them. I refused. I much preferred the real Americans, who proceeded to form a seceding youth group dedicated to the ideals of our country. In this they are doing a thing that is badly needed.

The A. Y. C.—an aggregation of blatant, bombastic, irreverent, whining crybabies and potential parasites—is headed for oblivion. It is exposed as the poisonous, festering carrion that it is. The name American Youth Congress had a patriotic and romantic ring. It became a catchall for unguided, inarticulate groups of youths who believe in labels. Unfortunately, there are a great number of young Americans, genuinely patriotic, who are attracted by shadow and never investigate substance. They are the dupes whom the scheming Communists have attracted and held in the A. Y. C. But even these deluded groups gave indications during the Lake Geneva conference that they were becoming aware that their only use was to provide a front and register their votes in accordance with the instructions of the leaders, which are always along the party line.

The non-Communist delegates did not exceed twenty per cent of the Congress. One of them introduced at the final session on Sunday a resolution condemning Soviet Russia as a dictatorship and linking it with Nazi Germany, Franco's Spain, Japan, and Italy as a destroyer of the civil liberties of citizens. This was overwhelmingly defeated. The resolution didn't get ten votes. Anything introduced that touched on Communism was determined in strict accordance with the party line.

There were a few highly articulate members representing labor organizations who, though not Communists, voted along with them. One of these claims to be a conforming religonist. He said he was staying in the Congress because he wanted to exert his influence for a reasonable amount of liberalism. He said he could do more good inside the organization than outside. This, of course, was juvenile reasoning, but it was typical of a number of delegates and their prominent sponsors.

If they had had any experience with the workings and methods of Communism, they must have realized how utterly futile their efforts were.

A Communist organization never changes its ideology. Individuals do, but they must get out of it. There were several former A. Y. C. members on the fringes of the convention, but their credentials were rejected.

They could not swallow the Stalin-Hitler partnership. They will never be allowed in the councils again, and will live under the Communistic stigmas of "fink" and "squealer."

The name American Youth Congress does have a romantic ring, and the little brothers and sisters try to live up to its romanticism. One youthful officer, I am informed, has found his way to the justice of the peace a couple of times. Twice wedded, he maintains a dynamic juvenility rather too indiscriminate to be legal. Alas, however, most of the leaders are getting that middle-aged pudgy look. The most ubiquitous "youth" of the outfit has been consulting a Hollywood beautician for the purpose of correcting what the doctors call "middle-age facial muscular relaxation." It makes him appear to have three chins, and the only cure is a face lift. When one makes a career of youth, one must look the part.

The atmosphere at the recent convention was anything but American. The whinings, moanings, and mouthings of these pampered and petted seditionists reminded one of the ragamuffins with their hands extended, asking "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!" along the Nile.

Only, instead of being "Baksheesh!" it was—and is—"Money!" "Jobs!" "Security!"

Money from whom? Money from the government, which is another way of saying from taxpayers and fellow citizens. They want the government to give them jobs. But in their final resolutions they declared themselves opposed to working more than thirty hours a week. They specified that the work must not have anything to do with militarism. That is, it must not help our national defense.

They resolved that CCC camps for unemployed boys must not be militarized in any way. The manual of arms must not be taught. Oh, no; for this would strengthen our national defense. Finally, they notified the State Department that there must be no militarism applied to our relationships with our South American neighbors, and that there must be a cessation of our "dollar diplomacy" in South America.

To a normal American this seems incredible. Yet it is all a part of the record. The newspapers were full of A. Y. C. resolutions and the radio broadcast them.

THE American Youth Congress is as forthright as a corkscrew, as patriotic as a mess of termites. The creatures of which it consists are like little children who, having learned to lie, won't tell the truth. Having learned to cry "gimme," they won't change the tune.

At each convention they reach new heights in irreverence. They respect no institution or person beyond Communism and Stalin. In their February conference in Washington they booed and jeered the President of the United States during his talk to them. At Lake Geneva in their final resolutions they laid the law down to the State Department and to the Department of Justice. They presumed to dictate to the War and Navy Departments, to Congress, to the executive and judicial branches.

The institution of democracy itself, they feel, is antiquated. It is of service, since it guarantees them civil liberties, and through the exercise of these civil liberties they expect to destroy democracy itself.

This outfit is discredited. If left to their own devices, the fake youths will presumably disband, disappear. It is to be hoped that they will. It would be tragic to think of this youth fraud remaining as a unit. It is un-American, unpatriotic, subversive and seditious, and it must go.

THE END

A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

LIGHTNING IN THE NIGHT

BY FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Eleven years ago, when the name of Adolf Hitler was little known even in Austria and Germany, Floyd Gibbons pictured for Liberty in his novel, The Red Napoleon, a future invasion of America by a wholly imaginary Mongol Tatar dictator. Many a reader remembers that very striking work of fiction; often Liberty is asked to publish it again. But in the face of present world conditions it would seem as mild as it now is "dated." No longer need an author invent a would-be world conqueror; every child knows where a real one is to be found. Hence Lightning in the Night, in which Liberty—in the interests of realism, patriotism, and faith, in this hour when America is arming—presents a modern, fact-facing successor to The Red Napoleon.

Last week Edward Hope, in a graphic prologue, indicated what may happen from next month until well on toward 1945. In future front-page news columns, scraps of broadcasts, and the like, he envisioned a yielding of the British home fleet to a victorious Nazi Reich; a dismemberment of the British Empire; German appropriation of conquered countries' New World colonies; German coups in South America; and an ominous Nazi revolution in Mexico. Now, in the year 1945, Lightning in the Night itself begins.

PART ONE—THE PRISONER OF CORVO

". . . I would spring like lightning in the night and hurl myself on the enemy."—ADOLF HITLER *in a speech before the German Girls' League.*

IT was on such days as this, when an angry sea whipped the sheer volcanic sides of the little island and the rain lashed dismally from brooding skies, that the old wounds bothered him most.

He could no longer remember the day on which he had received those wounds; that winter day on the Alpine front in 1917 when the trench mortar he was firing had exploded, killing five of his comrades, spraying forty-two splinters of jagged steel into his own back.

There were so many things he could no longer remember clearly.

Son of a blacksmith, he shrugged broad strong shoulders against the dull aches in calves and thighs and back. He hitched forward in his chair and cupped his huge fine head in his hands. His dark eyes stared dully, vacantly, into the fireplace.

At a table near the door sat the young guard. He was tall and strong and hard of face. He had unbuttoned the collar of his field-gray uniform.

As he cleaned his pistol he hummed the Horst Wessel song. But his heart was not in it. Back home was a girl. A tall blonde girl. A healthy girl with a big fine bosom. And for three months more, until they sent fresh guards, he must rot on this God-forsaken island in the Atlantic where now, since the war, no ships called. It was enough to drive a man mad.

He held his pistol up and looked through its gleaming barrel. The older man took his head out of his hands and said: "What day is it?"

The question brought surliness to the face of the young guard. "Must you keep asking that?" he said. "It makes no difference to you."

"What day is it?"

"Thursday."

"The year? What year is it?"

"Nineteen forty-five. Third year of the Greater United German Reich. Heil Hitler!"

At the name a sudden gleam lighted the older man's eyes. It flickered out, and again he stared into the fireplace. The young guard went on cleaning his already clean gun.

The rain stopped and the skies cleared late that afternoon. The guard went to the window. He grinned. He consulted his watch.

"It is time," he said.

"Time?"

"The people wait."

The older man's eyes grew bright and his shoulders straightened. As he got to his feet, listlessness dropped from him. He put on a tunic over his black shirt. He fastened his belt. He hurried up the staircase to a second-floor room. At the door to its tiny outside balcony, he halted, gave his tunic a final pat, pushed out his chest.

The tall young guard swung open the door, clicked his heels, offered a sharp, mocking military salute. It was nonsense, this daily horseplay, but it relieved the hideous monotony.

The black-shirted man strode out on the balcony. He looked down gravely at his "audience."

On all the island of Corvo there were not more than nine hundred persons. A dozen of them were gathered now to hear this man—this stranger they called "Papa Napoleon." Some had brought with them their diminutive, waist-high native cows. All of them were barefooted.

For one terrifying second bewilderment clutched at the man on the balcony. Then out of the deep well of memory flowed brave words and phrases. He rested his hands on the balcony railing and began to speak:

"Soldiers of the land, sea, and air! We are entering the battlefield against the plutocratic, reactionary democracies of the West."

He leaned forward, his right hand gesticulating, pointing.

"This gigantic conflict is only a phase of our revolution. It is the conflict of poor, numerous peoples who labor against starvers who ferociously cling to a monopoly of all riches and all gold on earth."

His voice rang. His imperious pos-

Here it is!—Liberty's startling successor to THE RED NAPOLEON

ILLUSTRATOR JOHN ALLAN MAXWELL

tures and gestures awed his peasant hearers. On and on he went:

"Everything within the state. Nothing without the state. Everything for the state."

An old man below whispered to another, "Who is he?"

The other shrugged.

"What does he say?"

"I do not know that, either. But he is a brave speaker. His words blow like bugles."

The man on the balcony thundered:

"Fascism is a religion! Liberty is a putrid corpse! Now the die is cast and our will has burned our ships behind us. According to the rules of Fascist morale, when one has a friend, one marches with him to the end. We salute the Führer . . ."

For the first time his voice trembled uncertainly. Then a rush of new words came:

"Italian people, rush to arms and show your tenacity, your courage, your valor!"

He turned from the window. On the wall was a vast map of the world . . . East, West. In one of those directions lay his destiny.

He was silent. Below, the handful of Portuguese peasants were silent too. But only for a moment. Though they understood not one word of what he had said, his oratory had kindled in them a fierce excitement. They shouted and clapped their hands wildly.

And, on the balcony, Benito Mussolini imperiously turned his back upon them and disappeared into the gray lava-stone house.

From National Weekly, issue of February 17, 1945:

Exile No. 1

Prime puzzle of World War II has been the fate of Adolf Hitler's one-time pal and axis partner, Il Duce del Fascismo Benito Mussolini.

Until last week, since Hitler's incredibly executed Double Trojan Horse coup in Naples and Rome on Black Friday, May 2, 1941 (National Weekly, May 10, 1941), no word had come from Europe concerning Mussolini, who, according to the German government radio, had been taken prisoner.

Of rumors there had been plenty. Sample rumors:

Mussolini had been shot to death in his great office in the Palazzo Venezia.

He had been sent to the political prison camp in the Lipari Islands.

He had been taken to the German concentration camp at Buchenwalde, where he had died of castor-oil "treatments"—a technique devised by the late Italo Balbo.

Last week Mussolini's fate was no longer a mystery. Since the summer of 1941 he has been Adolf Hitler's prisoner, exiled to Corvo—northernmost, westernmost, and tiniest of the nine islands of the formerly Portuguese Azores.

Many American travelers, flying the

Atlantic, have seen Corvo from the air while approaching Horta. Until last week, there was no reason to believe that any had set foot upon it. Until a radio station was built, sole means of communication with Flores, neighboring Azorean island, was by signal fires.

In a house on Corvo lives, today, the exiled Mussolini. He lives in the glory of a dead past. Each day, from a balcony, under the watchful eye of a Nazi guard, he speaks to such peasants as gather to listen admiringly, if uncomprehendingly. His "speeches" seem to consist of strangely jumbled excerpts from speeches he made years ago when he was Europe's Number 2 Dictator.

Such was the story brought back to America last week by Miguel Graciosa, a cranberry grower in Massachusetts' Cape Cod region, born in Corvo. A United States citizen, Mr. Graciosa long had been worried concerning the fate of a brother and sister from whom he had not heard since leaving Corvo, as a youth, for the United States. When Nazi Germany took over Portugal and its Azores, he worried even more.

Having saved up his money, one day last month he boarded a Clipper bound for Horta. There, Nazi customs officials told him that he was free to visit any of the Azorean islands—except Corvo. No reason was given for the exception.

He went to Flores, bided his time, hired a fisherman to take him to near-by Corvo one dark night. He found his relatives. They told him of the island's mysterious prisoner. Barefooted and in peasant clothes, he went with his brother to hear the stranger speak. He recognized at once the sixty-two-year-old Mussolini. He said nothing of his discovery, but returned the next day to shoot several candid-camera pictures of "Il Duce" (as Mussolini used to be called) on the balcony.

That night, undetected by the German guards, he returned to Horta, emplaned for the United States. Arriving at LaGuardia Field, he told his story and produced his films in proof of it.

Solved is the mystery of Europe's missing man, Benito Mussolini. He is not dead. But there was ample evidence, when reporters had pieced together Mr. Graciosa's story, that under the strain of exile one of the shrewdest minds of pre-Nazi Europe has cracked; that tranquil Corvo has bestowed upon Mussolini the anesthesia of madness.

BULLETIN: Grenoble, Feb. 12.—Le Petit Dauphinois, Nazi mouthpiece of the French Fascist State, today branded the Graciosa story "a sheer fabrication." That Benito Mussolini is, as reported, an exile on the island of Corvo, the Azores, was described as a "typical American fairy story in the stupid tradition of democratic wishful thinking."

BULLETIN: Berlin, Feb. 19.—Adolf Hitler's Völkischer Beobachter today confirmed the Graciosa story, admitted that Il Duce has been in exile on Corvo. His exile was termed "a matter of natural and entirely understandable political expediency." No comment was offered concerning his mental state.

May 10, 1945—

The little slender man, despite snow-white hair, did not look his fifty-six years. His womanish hands clasped before him at his waist, he stood alone at one end of the Great Hall, facing its vast window.

A bitter mystic, a brooding neurotic, he seemed somehow a pathetic and slightly ridiculous figure as he stood, silhouetted against the window, watching a late sun purple the snow-capped crags of the Bavarian Alps.

Far from ridiculous was the little man at the immense window of the Berghof outside Berchtesgaden.

He was Adolf Hitler.

To the German people he was Triumphator, Lord of Battle, Rouser Out of Stupor, Leader from Darkness into Light.

To the rest of the world he was the most dangerous and the most despised man in Europe.

Both to those who worshiped and those who despised him he was the acknowledged master of all Europe. In exactly twenty cataclysmic months, he had pulled into his sphere of domination virtually all of Europe's five hundred million persons.

IN those twenty months, as many nations had been smashed, divided, or had jumped eagerly under German control. France having collapsed, Great Britain, her life lines severed, had been forced to sue for peace. Italy, one-time ally of the Reich, had been seized in a strategic coup.

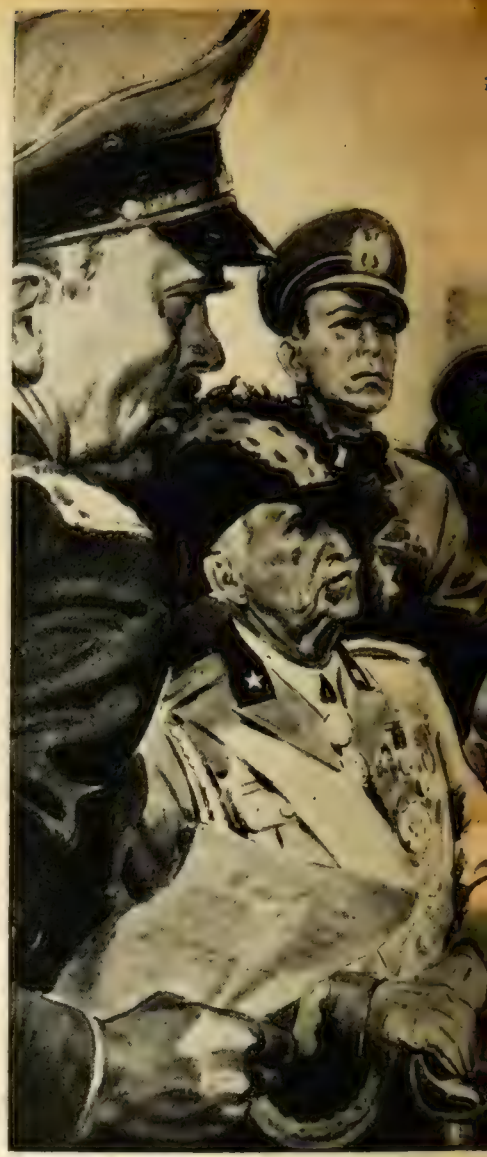
The rest had been mop-up work. It was still going on. He had sent his trained "Little Führers" to administer the former French, British, and Portuguese colonies in Africa.

Long before, on Africa's north coast, he had seized the French naval bases, the Italian naval and plane bases, and the strategic British naval bases at Port Said and Suez, controlling the doorway to the Red Sea. Greece had ceded him her naval base at Salamis. He had had a bad moment when Russia had threatened to contest his seizure of Izmit, Turkey, at the entrance to the Black Sea. But he had bluffed—and won.

Adolf Hitler turned from the window of the Great Hall. To his right, on the wall, was a vast map of the world. He was fond of studying it. What his eyes now fell first upon pleased him. The coastal line of the Greater United German Reich ran from North Cape to Gibraltar, east to the Suez Canal. The Mediterranean was virtually a lake within the Greater United German Reich.

Its eastern boundary was less pleasing. Along that jagged line Stalin, cruel and cunning, had tried to match the territorial grabs of Adolf Hitler by seizures of his own—bites into Poland and Finland and Romania, the Sovietizing of little Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania.

Stalin had tried desperately, after



annexing Bessarabia and northern Bukovina, to plunge deeper toward the Dardanelles, control of which would have made him impregnable to sea attack. He chose for this attempt the moment that found Hitler busy subduing Great Britain. Hitler's answer was a sharp "Hands off!" and a threat of total war. And Stalin, faced with the prospect of a poor crop and a food shortage, hedged on his bet and settled back in the hope of a war of attrition between Germany and desperate England.

Events disappointed him. England made peace. Hitler tore up the Russo-German nonaggression pact. The Burma Road, supply artery for China, was closed. Stalin, who wished to hold Japan away from his throat by keeping China alive and fighting, could pour only a trickle of supplies along the long rough road from Russia to China. It was a hopeless task. China, whose brave long fight had aroused the admiration of the world, fell into the hands of Japan—an arrogant, apishly Fascist Japan. A Berlin-Tokyo axis divided India.

Europe, broken under a Hitler-dictated peace, had become a single gigantic union of nations in bondage. And Europe and Asia had become a gigantic powder keg in which three

As the old soldier charged at Mussolini, who, he wrongly suspected, had a hand in this treachery, a Hitler guard shot him.

—and only three — great Powers awaited the day of explosion: Japan, the Greater United German Reich, and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

In the United States, the impact of the Second World War had had a devastating effect. With Canada as its sole ally, the world's last great democracy had plunged into an inescapable economic war of attrition.

Germany had taken over three fourths of Britain's shipping and one fourth of her navy. Now Germany set out to take over the role of mistress of the seas.

In the resulting naval armament race, which promised to bankrupt the United States, the Greater United Reich had a tremendous edge. Available to it were the shipbuilding facilities of most of the countries it had seized, as well as the ships that had been building.

BY early 1945 the United States found itself still two years away from having the two-ocean navy it had begun to build in 1940—this even though Canada had turned over to it the shipbuilding facilities at Vancouver, Quebec, and Victoria.

And, for the United States, this crippling naval rearmament race was but a part of a black picture.

In July of 1940 the State Department of the Roosevelt administration, believing that a Hitler-dominated Europe able to conscript cheap labor would deal the United States an economic body blow, attempted to soften that blow by calling an Inter-American Conference at Havana in an effort to work out with the other republics of the Western Hemisphere a trade-cartel plan whereby the resources of the Americas would be pooled.

The conference proved costly and something less than completely successful. Some of the South American republics accepted American cash in the form of loans, then later declared the plan unworkable and turned to the German Reich as their best market for products which the United States also hoped to sell abroad.

There had been other severe financial drains. When, in the winter of 1940, famine had trailed after the armies of Hitler across most of Europe, the Reich had asked America for help in the gigantic task of relief, repatriation, and reconstruction.

Pictures of children near starvation crowded United States newspapers. They were Belgian and English and French and Romanian children, and against the mute misery in their eyes it was not possible to say no. Money was loaned and the American Food Relief Committee, headed by former President Herbert Hoover, sailed for the Greater United German Reich, from whence Hoover issued reports of conditions so horrible that a greathearted nation raised millions of dollars by subscription for the conquered starving peoples.

By 1943 war-ravaged Europe had regained its feet. The Greater United German Reich had become the best customer both of South America and of the United States. Outwardly, at least, Hitler manifested friendliness. Foreign trade, while it had sunk to a mere dribble of its former flow, was yet something, and optimistic economists predicted freely that the United States would emerge eventually from the doldrums.

BUT for every dollar of foreign trade regained, ten were poured into the hungry maw of national defense. Hitler's lightninglike subjection of Europe had caught the United States criminally unprepared. By the time France had fallen in 1940, the United States had not even drafted a careful and thorough and clear defense program. Still unprepared when, in 1941, Hitler subjugated all Europe, America would have been an easy prize for his armies. But the years passed—and Hitler did not attack.

The year of 1945 was a year in which anything might happen. Despite his man power, his ever-growing army and navy, crafty Stalin lived in sickening dread of the fanatical little Adolf Hitler. Meanwhile Japan, gorged with new conquests and still building a "mystery" navy, no longer bowed from the waist to any one. On the surface, her relations with the Greater Reich seemed good.

It was on just this strained situation that Americans pinned their hopes. That a European-Asiatic explosion was imminent seemed certain. Such an explosion, it was believed, would—for a time, at least—keep war from American shores.

Hitler still despised Russia. With Japan as his ally, he might decide that his destiny (as he had predicted long years before in Mein Kampf) lay to the east. He might march into the Ukraine—and on beyond.

But the United States dared not rely upon probabilities. It strove to match the Greater Reich and any possible ally, ship for ship, gun for gun, and plane for plane. And, in doing so, it teetered on the verge of complete national bankruptcy.

Given two more years, the United States might be unassailable. Meanwhile it must cling to what seemed a reasonable hope—that the boundaries in Europe and Asia had now so arranged themselves that any possible assailant would fear to leave his homeland lest one or both of the other Old World powers march in.

This was the world in the month of May, 1945.

What terrifying things the future held in store, only one man knew. That man was Adolf Hitler, who stood in his Great Hall at Berchtesgaden studying the map.

To the east lay Russia; to the west, the Western Hemisphere with its rich prizes — South America and the United States.

East. West. In one of those directions lay his destiny. And, as he turned away from the map, his mind was made up. He knew in which direction he would strike.

HE left the Great Hall, ascending the eight steps to his own private study. He stopped for a moment to bend over and smell some white flowers in a vase on a table. Then he sat down at his desk, on which was a neat stack of sheets of manuscript. He glanced at one of them, and then, selecting a fresh sheet, began to write.

He was writing a sequel to Mein Kampf.

As he sat there, no man could have looked less the part of a conqueror. Yet his driving desires had made a seemingly mad dream come true.

Frail Adolf Hitler, with his burning eyes and sensitive face, had been welded in the twin fires of love and hate. Above his desk was a portrait of his father, Alois Hitler—an Austrian customs official who had died in a drunken stupor in a dingy café.

Adolf Hitler had learned hate as a child. He had hated his father. He had hated his studies, preferring to become an artist. Failing at that, he had hated the social system that forced him to work at uncongenial tasks, reduced him to the status of a beggar. Those had been hard days—but they had made *him* hard.

He had loved few things: the mother who had died, his fanatical dream of a Greater Germany—and himself. The First World War had put more steel into his frail body and had intensified the fires of soul that burned within him. He had been wounded and gassed. But he had fought well and bravely—though that bravery at times had been melodramatic and hysterical.

And now he wrote the story of the dream come true. Not all of it could be written now. There was yet a glorious chapter—a daring and dangerous chapter—to be enacted. But that would come, as everything else had.

As he wrote, the high lights of his conquest of Europe flashed before his mind.

The day Gibraltar fell—fell after prolonged and (as he acknowledged) heroic die-hard resistance to bombing by his air arm, bombardments by the lightly armored and cautious Italian fleet, and, finally, assault by Generalissimo Francisco Franco's troops, who crossed the neutral strip between Spain and the Rock and attacked under cover of bombing, machine-gunning Stukas.

The gateway to the Mediterranean fell under German-Spanish-Italian control, and Britain's Mediterranean fleet, driven toward the captured Rock to be hammered by land batteries, was scuttled, almost to the last ship, by its officers.

Later, when Adolf Hitler had recovered his African colonies lost following the First World War, he brought ivory from Cameroon and had a statue carved. The statue was 150 feet high—twenty feet higher than the famed Christ the Redeemer on the mountain peak overlooking Rio de Janeiro. It stood on a fifty-foot pedestal trimmed with gold leaf, and showed Civilization, in the form of a buxom German mother, cradling Adolf Hitler, "Liberator of Europe," in her arms. The statue looked out to sea from Breakneck Stairs, south of Mount Misery, highest spot on the Rock of Gibraltar.

Of these glorious exploits Adolf Hitler now wrote in detail as he sat there in his study.

It was immeasurably satisfying to write the full account of his most spectacular victory, the Double Trojan Horse coup that had reduced Italy from the position of an axis partner to a vassal state within the Reich in one afternoon. The conception had been all his own. Not until the last possible minute had he informed the members of the German High Command. Then he had called them in, told them his plan in detail—and forbidden, under severest penalty, any leak.

Italy had been a disappointing ally following the conquest of Europe. Despite their Duce's exhortations, her people did not have their heart in the business of conquest. They lacked what Hitler had and what his soldiers had—that driving, single-minded passion that he himself termed "grim fanaticism."

THEY had complained that they had been "caged" in the Mediterranean; yet when, with joint German and Spanish aid, they had been released, they swelled with pride and took all the credit to themselves. They decided, now, that their sphere of influence lay east and north, beyond the Mediterranean, and they clamored for a greater slice of the European spoils.

The tension grew. The people had never shared Mussolini's regard for Hitler—had, in fact, sardonically referred to him as the Voice that Mussolini abjectly obeyed. And Italy's King Victor Emmanuel III had been known to speak of Hitler as "that insufferable man."

With the conquest of all Europe—excepting Italy — an accomplished fact, with the Russo-German nonaggression treaty discarded, Adolf Hitler conceived this most daring of his plans for a Greater Germany.

No longer relying upon Stalin, he began anew to taunt him, reverting to an appraisal of the crafty Georgian that he had made before joining hands with him. At that time he had referred to Stalin as "the blood-stained scum of humanity."

Stalin, for his part, proclaimed through his controlled press that the Italian-German axis was collapsing.

Hitler, in the spring of 1941, called Italy's "Little Casino," Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano, to Berlin for a conference. He bestowed extravagant compliments upon young Ciano, who liked them, and explained that he had a plan. This stupid nonsense about an impending break between Italy and Germany must be squelched. Now, as at no time in the history of the two nations, must they put up a united front against this filthy Russian propaganda intended to drive a wedge into their relations.

The plan Hitler outlined was simple. In May of 1938 he had visited Rome, where, with Mussolini, he had watched a mass demonstration by Italy's young fighting troops; on the following day they had gone to Naples to review a great naval display. All this had been costly, but it had succeeded in its purpose—to demonstrate to the world the formidable might of two united Fascist nations.

IT was time, Hitler said, for that show of unity and strength to be repeated. On May 1, 1941, Stalin would parade his great army in Red Square. On May 2 let the fighting forces of Italy and Germany again show their teeth. Italy would gather her officers, her finest troops in the square outside the Palazzo Venezia, and would line the Centocelle military airport at Rome with her fighting planes, to be sent up in great formations as a welcome to Germany's air fighters. Simultaneously, the finest units of both the Italian and German fleets would lie at anchor in the Bay of Naples.

It would be more than a show of unity; it would be a day of honor, of recognition for Italy. Hitler had had struck off commemorative decorations which officers of his High Command would pin on the tunics of those Italian soldiers who had helped Germany master Europe. Upon the King and Queen, Il Duce, and the cream of Italy's naval and army commands, special gold medals of appreciation would be bestowed by Hitler himself aboard Germany's great new 35,000-ton battleship Tirpitz.

Germany would make all arrangements for a motion-picture record of the entire demonstration—pictorial proof of the close partnership of the German and Italian peoples.

For Count Ciano himself, Hitler hinted, there would be "special recognition."

On "Black Friday," May 2, 1941, the Rome-Naples ceremony took place. The public was excluded. German cameramen had hauled huge boxes of photographic equipment to every vantage point.

Gathered in the square in Rome were almost all of Italy's naval officers, who had left their ships in the Bay of Naples. Here, too, were most of Mussolini's army command and the

pick of his crack troops. On the roofs of the buildings surrounding the square, crews of German cameramen trained their cameras down to catch the scene from every angle. A loud-speaker, from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia, roared down instructions for the grouping. Finally both troops and officers were massed in long, compact lines.

At exactly three o'clock a voice roared through the loud-speaker. It said:

"Soldiers of Italy, listen well and do not touch your guns. Under no circumstances are you to move or make a demonstration.

"At this moment, aboard the German battleship Tirpitz, in the Bay of Naples, are your King and Queen, Il Duce Benito Mussolini, Marshal Pietro Badoglio, Admiral Cavagnari, and General Francesco Pricolo, your chiefs of staff for Army, Navy, and Air. Aboard the Tirpitz, too, are Count Ciano and Crown Prince Umberto.

"They are all prisoners of Adolf Hitler!"

The officers and soldiers stirred and the loud-speaker bellowed:

"Do not move! Rash action will only bring disaster. Each of you is covered by a gun. If you value the lives of your King, your Queen, of Il Duce and the officers you love, you will wisely stand silent until the order to throw down your guns. Look on the roofs above you!"

THEY looked aloft. Beside each camera was the outline of a German trooper pointing a gun.

"If one German is harmed, ten men will die. Resistance will be stupid and can bring nothing but destruction to you and those you revere. Germany's planes, loaded with bombs, fly at this moment above your massed air force on the Centocelle Airport. If one of your planes attempts to leave the ground, every one will be destroyed before it can move.

"To you officers of the Italian navy, I can only give assurance that boarding parties, disguised as German tourists, have taken over your ships and submarines while your crews gathered ashore. Your government buildings are at this moment occupied by German soldiers.

"You shall receive today something more than a medal. You shall receive the glorious opportunity to be absorbed within the Greater United German Reich. No longer are you merely a separate state. Today you become a part of the Reich.

"Once more I suggest that you avoid rash stupidity. For a long time this plan has been conceived. Every move has been studied, every chance weighed, by the Führer.

"Soldiers of Italy, throw down your arms!"

Utterly fantastic, this bloodless conquest, that later was to be known as the Double Trojan Horse coup, succeeded.

Only one man dared offer opposition. Aboard the Tirpitz in the Bay

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
JUDGE, YOU'VE SEEN A LOT OF OLD MILLS IN YOUR TRAVELS, BUT WE'VE GOT ONE OVER HERE THAT'S UNIQUE
GOSH, THAT IS DIFFERENT! MM-M-DOESN'T THAT WATER LOOK CLEAR AND COOL!
THE INDIANS THOUGHT SO, TOO. THEY CALLED IT 'NEOSHO' WHICH MEANS CLEAR, COOL WATER!
YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT INDIAN LORE
OH, IT'S JUST A HOBBY OF MINE. HERE'S A PIPE-HEAD I HAD COPIED FROM AN OLD INDIAN RELIC—THE STEM WAS 69 INCHES LONG
THE INDIANS WENT TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO GET A COOLER SMOKE, EH, JUDGE?
HOW EASY IT IS TODAY, THOUGH—JUST A TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT FOR A SMOKE THAT'S REALLY MILD, COOL-BURNING, EASY ON THE TONGUE
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED
86 DEGREES COOLER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!
PRINCE ALBERT IS ONE TOBACCO THAT TASTES AS GOOD AS IT SMELLS—IT PACKS RIGHT, DRAWS EASY AND EVEN
YES, THAT CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE PROCESS NOT ONLY ASSURE A FAR MILDER SMOKE BUT ONE THAT'S DELIGHTFULLY RICH-TASTING, TOO

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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

of Naples, sixty-nine-year-old Marshal Pietro Badoglio rushed angrily at Benito Mussolini as Hitler's ultimatum was delivered to the white-faced little King Emmanuel. Years before, when Mussolini's men had marched on Rome, Badoglio had pleaded with his King:

"One battalion of royal troops, sire—one battalion—and I'll sweep away those Black Shirt upstarts."

But the King had refused. And now, as the old soldier charged angrily at Mussolini, who, he wrongly suspected, had a hand in this carefully planned treachery, a Hitler guard raised a gun and shot him down.

SITTING at the desk, Adolf Hitler described the bloodless conquest. "The world," he wrote, "pretended to be aghast at this strategy. It was described, with stupid emotionalism, as despicable treachery. The peoples of New World nations professed to be unable to believe that the close ties of the German-Italian axis could be so abruptly transformed. They were unable to find a single reason for my action. They were—or so they said—shocked, dumfounded. They should not have been. Long years before I had predicted exactly what happened in Mein Kampf. At that time I had written:

"'The political testament of the German nation . . . should and must always read substantially:

"'*Never tolerate the establishment of two continental powers in Europe. See an attack on Germany in any such attempt to organize a military power on the frontiers of Germany . . . and regard it not only a right, but a duty, . . . in the event that such a one be already founded, to repress it.*'"

It was long past midnight. Hitler stopped writing and put the manuscript away.

He pushed back his chair and, getting up, paced the floor. Tireless, he enjoyed work. Now that comparative peace had come to Europe, he was restless.

He thought, in a coldly detached way, of Benito Mussolini. He had felt a certain admiration for the man he had exiled to the Azores. Il Duce had been a clever man—too clever to be left long at large. A prudent man, too. In the march of the Black Shirts on Rome in 1922, Benito Mussolini had remained behind. Hitler, who had patterned the abortive Munich Putsch on that bold move, had been more intense, less cautious. And to Mussolini, Hitler owed much for the Fascistic idea of the corporative state. He shrugged. It was ever like that.

The peoples of other nations invented political systems, tanks and submarines and airplanes. And the superior Germans improved upon those inventions and found new and devastating uses for them.

He thought of the night when—three months after his seizure of Italy, and with Europe quieter than before and his work lighter than it had ever been—he had gone to bed to toss restlessly, then to fall into a deep sleep.

What happened after that had been like a relived scene from his emotional childhood.

He had awakened to find himself sitting up in bed, screaming hysterically, shouting: "No! No! Never!"

He could not remember the dream. He did not know why he had shouted the words. In the morning, when he looked in the mirror, he was shocked to find that his hair had begun to whiten.

He pushed these thoughts away from him and returned to his desk, where he picked up a telephone that was a direct wire to Berlin. Tersely he issued orders for a conference in the Great Hall the following morning.

Then he sought the only relaxation he really loved. He began to sketch—an architectural drawing, a design for a new public building in Berlin.

Until the early hours of the morning he worked. The work rested him. Then he looked at his watch and frowned. It was time to go to bed. He did not want to.

He strode back into the Great Hall and stood quietly before the great map. Then he clambered up on a sofa against the wall, to examine the map more closely.

GENTLY he placed the tip of one finger on Berchtesgaden. To the right of it—to the east—beyond the boundaries of the Greater United German Reich, lay vast Russia, his most detested enemy. There, conveniently close, was the fertile Ukraine. Under Nazi efficiency, it would become the great breadbasket of all Europe. It was a rich prize.

Years before, in Mein Kampf, he had said that Germany's destiny lay to the east. That was still true. Despite Stalin's Red army, the Ukraine would be his—and soon!

He looked to the left of his finger—to the west. His eyes spanned the Atlantic, rested upon the Americas.

South America, Nazi-infiltrated, economically dependent upon his United Reich, and ever ripe for revolution, was closer, both ideologically and, in places, geographically to Europe than to the United States.

And America!

He frowned. The last remaining democracy in the world—a heterogeneous, politically squabbling, internally shaky mass—America was now staggering under the heaviest economic blows in its history. It was a country that seemed on the point of falling apart. It had seemed on the verge of revolution, complete collapse, many times in the months now past.

Somehow—he could not understand it—it had held together. A rich country, a fat country, a wasteful country. Its people fought among themselves and called their own leaders names and criticized everything and anything they did not like.

The right to do these things they called liberty!

And that word rankled. In the Greater United German Reich he had given his victorious people four years of peace. He had put butter into their mouths and brought coffee (America had none) to their tables once more. He had given them great museums and public buildings. The young, the soldiers, liked it. But Himmler's agents, eavesdropping on some of the older citizens, had overheard, even now, whispered conversations of men and women who wished they might live in America—might worship and read and speak as they pleased.

Such things were bad for the Greater United German Reich.

He wondered, contemptuously, how what he had called the "blatant and superficial" patriotism of America would stand up against that "grim fanaticism" that he and the young soldiers of the United Reich shared.

It was one thing to talk wistfully of liberty.

It was another to do as his soldiers had done—to rush, eyes blazing with white-hot zeal, into the fire of machine guns until those guns were silent and other young Germans, plodding over the bodies of their dead and wounded comrades, surged on and beyond to conquer more land for beloved Germany.

He wondered how the avowed patriotism of the United States would fare against the fanaticism of his young soldiers who, sprawled bleeding and dying, legs blown off, bodies mutilated, nevertheless managed to push themselves up and smile and whisper: "Heil Hitler!"

Could this annoying concept of liberty, of freedom, meet such a challenge?

THE poised finger of Adolf Hitler's left hand began to move on the wall map. It moved slowly in the direction of his destiny.

From Berchtesgaden it traversed Oberammergau, crossed the Rhine into the Fascist State of France to Brest, moved south and ever west at a gentle ten-degree angle across the Atlantic, and came to rest, at last, on the eastern coast of America, at Baltimore, Maryland.

Adolf Hitler's destiny lay to the east. But he intended to approach that destiny through the west. His plans were careful and complete, his timetable ready.

His outstretched arm had bared the watch upon his wrist.

The morning of May 11 was already five hours old.

In three months—in August, 1945—America would be invaded.

How and where would Hitler strike? Would his Old World rivals strike at him—or with him? Would Hawaii prove impregnable to Blitzkrieg? What of Panama? And . . . how were the disasters of "America's blackest week" to shape the destinies of Lieut. Doug Norton, U. S. N., and bewitching Peggy O'Liam, career girl—both overtaken by them at Waikiki? All this next week's flash of Lightning in the Night will reveal to you!

Blithe, sparkling! A true chronicle of a thrill-packed life's adventures

THE FUN I'VE HAD

BY BAYARD VEILLER

Famous playwright; author of Within the Law, The Trial of Mary Dugan, etc.

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—GRANT, SHERMAN, AND A CUB REPORTER

ON January 2, 1869, John McCullough opened his own theater in San Francisco and called it the California. There he played a part for which he was famous, Virginius. He could be heard for miles—that's the kind of actor he was.

In Philadelphia, on that same night, Mrs. John Drew, in her own theater, the Arch Street, played Mrs. Malaprop, and with a quirk of her voice, a sidelong glance of her eye, convulsed an audience of staid Philadelphians. That's the kind of actress she was.

And in Brooklyn, on that same night, I was born, which should establish my close connection with the theater. But it was not until about ten years later, in Chicago, sitting in the front row of the gallery, that my entranced eyes saw a curtain roll up, disclosing for the first time a stage. There and then I took my first vows of love and devotion to the theater.

In the meantime I had experienced other things which I very clearly remember. I imagine life went pretty smoothly for me until just after my third birthday. Then a great calamity befell. My brother Lawrence moved into our family. I didn't like him at all. I distinctly remember thinking to myself that the doctor had made a terrible mistake: this baby he's brought to our house is no good. And never will be any good. Which goes to show how little reliance can be placed on the judgment of a child three years old, no matter how bright he may be. Because my brother Lawrence is quite a person. He's done a great many fine things. His work

on housing commissions and with the Charity Organization Society has been outstanding. And now he's become the president of a greater organization for the awakening of public sentiment for the enforcement of law and order. I'm proud of him.

After Lawrence was born, we moved to New York. It's all pretty hazy, but I expect my father was making money, because we lived on Thirty-ninth Street, just off Park Avenue, and sixty years ago that was quite a neighborhood. From there on Sundays I used to walk up Fifth Avenue with father, all the way to Fifty-seventh Street, and there we encountered Shanty Town — huts made of vagrant pieces of wood and discarded tin cans cut open and flattened out. Every family had a goat, a couple of dogs, and heaven knows how many children.

Then in 1878 another brother came along, and in that same year we moved to Chicago. We lived on North La Salle Avenue. Next door to us there was a family named Smith, and the eldest son, possibly six years older than I, scorned me, but later we got along very well together, for the Smith boy grew up to be Harry B. Smith who for many years wrote nearly all the best American musical plays. Here was another finger pointing toward the theater.

NOW I'm jumping to my first matinee, and it all is very clear—the climb up the stairs, which seemed nothing, and the scurry down to get a seat in the front row, the curtain going up foot by foot until finally I could see a sort of castle on one side of the stage with steps leading down, and on the other side what I think was a sort of summerhouse, and at the back a painted drop showing gardens stretching away for miles.

On the stage were strewn lovely ladies. It seemed to me that they were countless, but the song they sang admitted to only twenty, so probably that's what I saw. These ladies had on long sleeveless gowns cut low in the neck, and nearly every one of them was playing a lute or harp or some sort of instrument. This is what they sang:

> Twenty love-sick maidens we,
> Love-sick all against our will.
> Twenty years hence we shall be,
> Twenty love-sick maidens still!

I was seeing one of the first performances in America of Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience. It was being played by a musical organization very famous in its day—the Boston Ideals.

Later in life I got to know most of the company very well. There was W. H. McDonald, a tall, dark-haired, handsome chap, a baritone; and his blonde and delightful wife, Agnes Stone; and Jessie Bartlett Davis and Tom Karl, a tenor of great renown in his day; and George Frothingham who some years later became world famous for his performance of Friar Tuck in Robin Hood; and H. C. Barnaby, a tall, gangling whiny-voiced comedian. I may be prejudiced, but I don't believe they have comedians like that today. I laughed at everything he said and did, and I almost never laugh at anything a comedian says or does today.

I found that eating and sleeping and school interfered a lot with my theatergoing, but my father and mother were narrow-minded about that. They wouldn't let me go at night, but there was always Saturday and there was always a theater, and my father never refused me a quarter, so the world of plays and players was mine. I saw the Pirates of Penzance and, I think, Pinafore and the others that came later. And right here let me say that this is not a chronological account of the theater and its happenings in the United States and it is not an autobiography. I am trying to put on paper the recollections of sixty years in the theater and on newspapers; the things I don't have to bring to mind because they are constantly in my mind; things I have seen and heard and have had happen to me in over half a century of excitement, amusement, and bewilderment. Here is my memory exactly, without altering the account in any way from things I have since learned.

A woman named Sarah Bernhardt, an actress from France, was coming to Chicago, and the social leaders were very much worried because they had heard that Madame Bernhardt had been received socially in New York, and the question was whether we, in Chicago, would receive, first, a Frenchwoman and a foreigner, and, second, an actress who was no better than she should be. This last thing, "no better than she should be," had a terrifying import to me because I hadn't the faintest idea what it meant. I knew it couldn't refer to her acting, because I had heard that she was the greatest actress in the world.

That's all of my personal recollection of the matter. I have since discovered that right triumphed and that Madame Bernhardt was ignored socially by these wives of pork packers and grain merchants and princes of slaughterhouses. She must have been amused.

IT was at this time I saw my first Drury Lane melodrama, Romany Rye, and I think The Silver King, and Robson and Crane in The Two Dromios, and so deep was my impression of their made-up resemblance one to the other, that when Bill Crane and Stuart Robson and I became pretty good friends, I was always puzzled because they didn't look in the least like each other.

Of course all this Chicago experience was merely a foundation for a lifetime's work. Naturally I had no thought that I could ever write, although I was a pretty good reader. I never wanted to be a fireman, or a policeman, or a streetcar conductor. My boyish ambitions yearned in other directions. I could see myself standing in the orchestra pit with a baton in my hand, making all those musicians behave. That seemed an imposing thing to do. I never had a chance to try it.

Then at this time there came a thrilling interlude of sport. My best friend then was Harry Preston. His father was a part owner of the Chicago baseball team, and he and I each had a season pass. The regular catcher on the team was Flint, his alternate being the great Kelly, who on off days played left field. And on first base was Captain Anson. We all liked Kelly a good deal and Flint was all right in his way, but big tow-headed Adrian Anson was the idol of our excited young hearts.

OF course I belonged to a ball team, and father, in a fit of generosity, outfitted the entire team. We had uniforms that you couldn't tell from the Chicago players', except that they were smaller. One day, wearing my uniform, I went down to Spalding's. I can't recall now what I was going to buy. Suddenly I heard a deep rumbling voice saying, "Al, you remember I told you about one of my uniforms being stolen? That fellow over there has got it on." I looked up and, towering above me, looking stern, was Captain Anson. He sat down and he took me on his knee and we talked baseball. He bought me a bat and a catcher's mask and a catcher's glove. That was the only time I ever spoke to Anson but the experience lasted me a good many years.

Then, in about 1904 or 1905, when I was a critic of vaudeville acts on the old Morning Telegraph in New York, an agent named Max Hart came to me one day and asked me if I had ever heard of a ballplayer named Anson. Had I heard — I, Bayard Veiller—heard of Anson—my friend Captain Anson! And it came out that his two daughters, big blonde girls who sang and danced, were either in vaudeville or going into vaudeville and would I do something about it? Thanks again, Cap, for the glove and catcher's mask.

And now back to Chicago. This comes from South Clark Street. It was in '80. Standing on a barrelhead, surrounded by a screaming, shouting mob, I saw General U. S. Grant, returning from his tour of the world. He was accompanied by platoons of police and military officers in uniform, and to save my life I can't remember what Grant wore. All I saw was a white grim face with deep-set eyes shadowed by a broad-brimmed soft black hat. I was old enough to know who Grant was, what he had done, what his courage had meant to America.

The next time and the last time I saw him was in 1885. I was sixteen at the time and had decided that college was no good to me as I was planning to pursue a literary career. I was working on a paper in New York called the Star, which died suddenly after I joined its staff. It was a dull

(Continued on page 26)

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GOODYEAR

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

(Continued from page 24)

afternoon in June, very hot, and the city editor turned to me with a cold grin and said, "Veiller, they are taking General Grant up to Mount MacGregor tomorrow. He's going up there to die. Go up and get an interview with him."

All the way uptown I was wondering what made the city editor laugh so much. I was a green cub reporter. How did I know he was giving me an assignment that was practically impossible? Then a miracle happened. For no reason that I could understand then, nor can I understand it now, I was shown into the front room of General Grant's house, and the door was closed behind me. I suppose for thirty seconds I did not see any one at all. Then a gruff voice from the other side of the room said, "Well?" Then I saw General Grant.

I saw a little shriveled old man wearing a black silk skullcap and a long frock coat and carpet slippers. Round his neck was a dreadful red rag, and his hands were clawlike, and on this hot June day they were stretched out to an open fire in the grate. As I came near to him the General half turned in his chair and looked at me. I was only sixteen years old at the time, but I saw in his eyes things that I have been looking for in eyes ever since and find almost never: resignation, determination, and a great courage.

General Grant's voice was almost a croak. He said, "What do you want, bub?" I replied with a good deal of dignity, "I am a reporter from the Star, General." And I'm willing to bet anything in the world you will never guess what I did then. I cried. I cried and the tears ran down my cheeks. General Grant looked at me in utter amazement, and he wanted to know what was the matter. And through my tears I blurted out this speech:

"Oh, General, why didn't you die on the field of battle!"

Now I ask you, could anything have been worse?

Well, there was quite a pause and the old man struggled out of the chair, came over to me and put his arm on my shoulder, and said, "It's all right, bub. Generals don't die on the field of battle any more. And there have been a lot of other battles since then, and now the doctors tell me I ain't going to die—I'm going to get well." The old man looked me straight in the eye when he said this. Then he walked to the door with me. He laid a compelling hand on my shoulder. He shook hands with me and I tried to apologize for my tactlessness. And he grinned, sort of tugged at his straggly gray beard, and said, "It's all right, bub, it's all right. You come and see me sometime when I come back in the fall."

Then I found myself in the street and eventually back in the newspaper office. And the city editor grinned at me and asked, "Well, what did General Grant have to say?"

"General Grant?" I replied. "I am sorry, sir, but they wouldn't let me into the house." Because that was a story I couldn't print.

That was the day I found out about courage—from the old man's indomitable eyes. I knew then why Lincoln put his trust and faith in U. S. Grant above all his other generals and against all advice.

And while we're on the subject of deaths of great men, it was about six years later that General Sherman died. For a good many years Sherman was a gay figure in the theater. His steady tramp down the aisle at all openings, his hoarse and terribly audible comments about the play and the actors were part of every first night. He was a genial old man in spite of his sardonic humor. I don't believe he could have done anything in a theater that the audience wouldn't have loved.

I, with many other reporters, was on his deathwatch—a terrible job! Usually it meant standing around outside a dying man's house, waiting for news that he had finally given up. It wasn't that way with Sherman at all. His house was a high-stooped house. We waited in the basement room. There was a big table to write at, there was paper, there were chairs for us to sit in, and late one night Sherman came down to say good-by to us. His frail figure was seated in a chair made by the hands of his two male nurses. I remember how, sitting that way, he swung his legs and

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grinned at us. He didn't say very much—just a gruff "I hope everything's been all right," and then with a quick nod he was carried away . . . this remnant of the man who had once marched to the sea. As his nurses started up the stairs with him, he turned back once more and, waving a feeble hand to us, he chuckled and said hoarsely, "Sherman's last march. . . ." And so it proved to be.

We left Chicago in '80 or '81. Father had failed in business and had even had to sell his collection of paintings and ceramics, a collection that was famous in the early '80s.

Now we come a little closer to the theater. As I think back, father seems to have dropped out of our lives for the time being. He was a man who, in his day, made and lost a good many fortunes. My mother and myself and my brothers went to the house of my mother's sister, who lived in West Newton, just outside of Boston.

In Boston, on Saturdays particularly, I hung around the old Boston Museum and saw plays, beautifully done, by old William Warren and Annie Clark and Madame Ponesi and William Barron. These names come back to me very readily. I can't remember the plays they did particularly, except that there was a very thrilling and outstanding performance of The Drunkard, in which Mr. Barron writhed on the floor in the barroom and tore his hair and his shirt—a very exciting afternoon, and the beauty of it was that during the intermission, if you were fortunate enough to be sitting in the top gallery, a few steps took you into the Museum itself, where there were bottles containing sea urchins floating in alcohol and called, by way of courtesy, mermaids.

SOMETIMES there were musical things—Patience again, and Pinafore, and Princess Ida, and even Iolanthe. And it was at this time that I saw Lotta Crabtree in her own theater in Boston. She was very popular in one play called The Little Detective. And I also saw John McCullough playing the part of Virginius, and a young girl about sixteen years old—a lovely creature—played the daughter. Her name was Viola Allen and she eventually became a great star.

Then father started another fortune and we moved to New York—first to a boardinghouse on Twenty-fourth Street—to my mind a perfect neighborhood, because directly across the street from this house was the Madison Square Theater—and shortly after that we moved to a house of our own on East Thirty-fifth Street. The number was 104, and right across the street from us lived a tall lanky boy named Jimmy Hackett. Eventually he became an actor, as his father had been before him.

Jimmy and I took to each other very pleasantly. He was to be a lawyer. I don't know what they were planning for me—nothing much, but in 1884 Hackett and I were enrolled in the sub-freshman class of what had been formerly known as the Free College and then became, with a weightier title, the College of the City of New York. It was a sort of elongated high school—the courses being five years instead of four. In 1884, at the age of fifteen, I became, as I called myself, a college man. I think I won't say very much about my education. As a matter of fact, I never have been educated. I picked up bits and pieces here and there, partly from hearsay, partly from experience, partly from things I've seen, but by and large, as I live my seventieth year, I am most pleasantly conscious of the fact that I am an uneducated man.

A YEAR later, at sixteen, I wrote my first play with a young man by the name of Mason Carnes. It was a burlesque of Little Lord Fauntleroy, and my first play was the first play that my friend Jimmy appeared in. Jimmy, whose real name was James K. Hackett, was an extraordinarily bad actor and a tremendously popular one. The part in The Real Cedric Errol—for that's what we called the thing—was that of a lawyer, the family lawyer. Jim refused to play it unless we let him do his moderately well known imitation of the Spanish dancer Carmencita, and that *was* an imitation. Jim's sturdy young waist was laced in until he could barely breathe, and he wore a black wig and swirling scarlet skirts, and when in the course of the dance he stamped his foot, every one knew that a foot had been stamped. It was terrific! Poor Jim! That was his finish. School meant nothing to him after Carmencita. He shortly after turned professional. Daniel Frohman, then the proprietor of his new Lyceum Theater on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, took him to his heart and turned him into a star, and soon he was fighting with swords and battling up and down stairs in The Prisoner of Zenda.

I continued to see a great many plays. I have nothing at hand to give me exact dates about these experiences, nor is it very important. The whole period was one of change and transformation, the flux out of which came the theater which, until quite recently, we thought was the modern theater. I went through a long series of plays at the Madison Square Theater. Jim the Penman was very popular. It impressed me most at first because a man named Frederic Robinson not only played the forger on the stage, but in the daytime, at college, taught me elocution. In that same theater I saw Esmeralda, and later that year I think they revived Hazel Kirke. Then there was a play called Captain Swift, by C. Haddon Chambers, in which Maurice Barrymore appeared.

But the Madison Square was not the only theater in New York. There were others. There was the Union Square on Fourteenth Street, which

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in its day was the very center of the theatrical world. The 150 feet which extended from the door of the theater to the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway was known as the Rialto. There actors met and, just as they do today, dwelt lovingly on their own achievements.

Right around the corner, in the Star Theater at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, came my great awakening. I saw for the first time what a theater could be and should be. The usual stage set consisted of a drop on which was painted an arch, and there were generally three wings on each side set obliquely and, as the case might be, they were called fancy wings or wood wings or village wings. There were no closed-in sets with doors and windows and fireplaces. There were no real trees or flowers.

Then I went to the Star Theater to see a couple of English actors—Henry Irving and Ellen Terry—and as I dictate these words my heart begins to beat faster. The curtain rose, and stretching from proscenium arch to proscenium arch was a white picket fence, and at stage left was a rose-covered cottage. A ladder was leaning against it and on the ladder stood an old gardener. He was cutting roses and tossing them over his shoulder into the upheld Watteau-like skirts of the most fascinating woman I had ever seen. She was laughing—and I can hear that, too, after fifty years. It was Ellen Terry. And then from away upstage, outside the little garden, dressed either in a dull somber gray or black—and there my memory fails me—stalked a serious, beetle-browed, nerve-racked man, Eugene Aram, and that was Irving.

At that moment I knew just what I had been born for and just why I had wasted seventeen valuable years doing nothing, because here was my life. I didn't know what I wanted to do. Certainly I had no thought of being an actor, but back of that curtain was where I belonged, and that is where I've been ever since.

That was only the beginning. They did Much Ado About Nothing. Ellen Terry was Beatrice. Come on, Kit Cornell. Hurry up, Joan Crawford. Come running, Miss Hepburn. All of you club together and hold out your glamour against the glamour of Ellen Terry. What's the use of writing about her! What's the use of talking about her! What good are words!

Terry and Irving stayed at a hotel, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street, set back in terraces from the street. The hours I spent in front of that hotel—day after day—waiting for them to come gaily out and step into a victoria and drive sedately up Fifth Avenue, with young Bayard Veiller trotting after them like an enraptured coach dog!

I always felt that a love like that couldn't go unrewarded. And it didn't. Just at the end of the first World War I went into Isadora Duncan's dressing room, or rather suite of rooms, in the New Theater. And what do you think happened? Half sitting, half lying on a couch, I found Ellen Terry. Wasn't that worth waiting for?

My first success, Within the Law, was still running in New York, and Miss Terry hadn't seen that, but she wanted to talk about it just the same, being a polite lady. But I had more important things to tell her—how I had waited outside the hotel for hours for a glimpse of her, and how I had trotted after her carriage, and how I had seen everything she had ever played in this country.

Then Miss Terry's eyebrows met in that queerly slanting contact which was such a part of her, and her voice was rich and mellow and bubbled with laughter, and she said, "Just think! We've only met now, when I'm an old woman!" And then she laughed and said, "But not too old, and I should like very much to kiss you," and she did, and that was the first and last time I ever spoke to her.

AND now with bowed head I'll speak of the first play I sent to a producer. It happened about 1886 or '87—a one-act atrocity called A Blue Ribbonite. It must have been pretty terrible. It was written in longhand, and the first manager I sent it to was Augustin Daly, at that time the foremost producer in America. The fact that Mr. Daly either did Shakespeare or wrote his own plays deterred me not at all. To Daly it went. Then a miracle happened. Mr. Daly read the play—all of its twenty-seven or -eight awful pages—and then, writing in longhand, he sent me nine pages telling me what he thought was wrong with it. I think perhaps the word "everything" would have covered the ground, but that's what this busy playwright and manager did for me.

I can't help contrasting this with another manager's famous letter to a playwright. He wrote: "My dear Mr. Jones: I have read your play. Oh—my dear Mr. Jones!" and to that cruel letter he signed the name Henry Miller. It was more modern than Mr. Daly's letter and it was funnier, but it didn't help Jones very much.

But Daly's letter helped me, because, being an optimistic little ass, I said to myself, "If Augustin Daly can take all that trouble about that play, there must be something in it." Then I think God reached down from heaven and tapped me on the shoulder and said to me: "I'd read it again if I were you, Bayard," and I did, and then I grew Spartan and tore it up. In addition to this advice, I think God, the all-wise, also suggested that perhaps I might learn something and see something and find out how to write English before I did any more plays.

Do you know how New York's Tenderloin district got its name? Why a certain newspaper got a scoop on a famous murder case? Find out in next week's chapter of Mr. Veiller's fascinating recollections of newspaper life and the theater.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

OFF the stage or screen as well as on, Una Merkel is one of my favorite comedy actresses. Her own quaint sense of humor seems perfectly suited to her natural baby voice. At tea the other day she spoke of her airplane-engineer husband, who happens to be half Swedish, half Spanish Basque. "Bareheaded," piped Una, "he looks like a Spaniard, but as soon as he puts on any kind of hat he looks like a Swede. Haven't you noticed there's something peculiar about the way Swedish men wear hats?" I thought this over, mentally picturing assorted hats on assorted Swedes of my acquaintance, and, sure enough, it struck me Una was right. . . . Then she brought forth the odd observation that traveling families stick closer together and stay young longer than most. "For years," she said, "my father was a salesman, always on the road, and mother and I went everywhere with him. I grew up in hotels. We had no neighbors, there were no kids to play with, so mama and papa treated me as a pal. It kept them young, and we all live together now in our first permanent home—mama and papa, my husband and I, and usually *his* mother too—which certainly is a rare household for Hollywood." . . . Still the old Merkel wanderlust itches them every so often, then papa picks up and away they all go on a trip. "And it's a good thing we do," declared Una, "because really, no actress ever should stay anywhere more than three weeks. After that people say, 'Oh, is *she* still here?'"

I asked what American dishes the Merkels like best on their nation-wide jaunts. "Clam chowder," said Una, "and walnut ice cream."

☆ Here now as a refugee—I mustn't say from what country—a person with high political connections has just told me this true story of fifth-column tragedy: Twenty years ago a World War intelligence officer trapped a brother and sister working as spies. The brother was executed. Evidence against the sister was insufficient; upon her release she disappeared. A few years after the war the intelligence officer met and married a charming woman of foreign birth who had been naturalized in his country. Never did he recognize her as the vanished sister of the spy he had sent to death. She married him for revenge—to work against him and betray him in the next war she knew was coming. This year the war came. He was among the first to be killed in action. And she discovered that, despite the past, she had learned to love him.

Now she too is here as a refugee.

☆ Here are two chicken-salad novelties for company meals in summer. The flavoring of the mayonnaise makes a delicious difference. . . .
1. *Madras Chicken Salad*: Marinate 1½ cups diced chicken 1 hour in French dressing. Combine with 12 cooked shrimps, 10 coarsely chopped black olives. Garnish generously with water cress and pineapple wedges. Drain syrup from 2 tablespoons India chutney; mince chutney fine; add it to 1 cup thick mayonnaise; serve mayonnaise in separate bowl.

Hot rice muffins go best with this salad. . . .
2. *Deauville Chicken Salad:* As above, marinate 1½ cups diced chicken 1 hour in French dressing. Instead of shrimps, use 1 cup diced tongue; add ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg. Arrange on platter, surrounding with florets of cooked cauliflower and thin slices green pepper. Into your 1 cup mayonnaise mix 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ¼ cup whipped cream. With this one serve hot buttered whole-wheat rolls.

☆ I refuse to surrender to the edict, imposed by lady writers for some women's magazines, that a hard-cooked egg is the same as a hard-boiled egg, and *much* more refined. It just isn't true. A hard-cooked egg is not, necessarily, a hard-boiled egg. It may be a hard-fried egg or a hard-poached egg. Correct terminology, I think, is more important than fake refinement. When I include hard-boiled eggs in my recipes, I will continue to call them *hard-boiled* eggs. And I advise objecting readers not to be too slang-conscious. After all, our English language doesn't belong exclusively to slangsters.

☆ Shamefully true line from Dr. Eugene de Savitsch's popular new book, In Search of Complications (published by Simon & Schuster): "Selling . . . at a bargain counter is unquestionably one of the best ways to learn the worst about women."

☆ A good-natured complaint about nocturnal phone disturbances was voiced to me recently by the wife of a Washington lawyer who deals out advice to the New Deal. She said, "We've had our private telephone number changed so that nobody knows it now except White House secretaries—yet our phone still rings at all hours of the night." How much a clever woman can say if she says just enough!

☆ There is one land on earth where writers are regarded with proper respect. In China it's rude as rude can be to read any literature whatever in your bathtub, because that would be disrespectful to the written language and authors thereof, both held sacred. Very gratifying!

"Oh, I'm sorry! I thought you were my husband!"

Big Ed's Biggest Case

A warm, beguiling tale of youth, a nearly wrecked romance, and a lawyer with a jury-fixer—love!

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EVEN in a world at war, Bermuda remains a pleasant spot to spend a season. Or even an off season. Neither the lilies nor the tourists that bloom in the spring are much in evidence in early December, but nature still wears flowers in her hair and their fragrance fills the air. As she had bicycled to Elbow Beach this morning Amber could smell them. Almost as if she held them in her hand. Now, a scant hour later, no longer on a bicycle surrounded by scenery, but in a swim suit, surrounded by water, she suspected that she would presently be surrounded by flowers she couldn't smell.

She had heard, almost all her twenty years, that a person who goes down for the third time drowns. If that were par for drowning, she had beaten the course record by eight or nine. It must have been her thirteenth and possibly fatal submersion when Casey, giving a creditable impersonation of a human torpedo, reached her.

The waters of Bermuda are sometimes a light and incredibly brilliant blue, then again jade green with streaks of purple. Always a pleasant eyeful. They are, however, very salt and never a pleasant ear, nose, or mouthful.

"Steady!" Casey advised, eying her as if it might be a good idea to sock her first and then save her.

"Er-glub!" replied Amber.

Her voice was normally contralto, an odd and piquant note in a slim blonde. But now it was a strangled protest from a throat that was slim, too, and not fashioned to act as a siphon for the Atlantic Ocean.

Then, as he reached for her, she lunged at him. He got her ashore but not until she had very nearly drowned them both. Yet once ashore, he did not mention that. He was all solicitude for her.

"Are you sure you're all right?" he asked.

"P-perfectly all right," said Amber.

It wasn't true. She felt weak and shaken. She felt like hell. Worse than that, she suspected she looked like hell. He was clad only in a pair of swimming trunks, and his bronzed shoulders were wide, his waist trim and taut. He looked as if he might be the answer to a maiden's prayer even if she weren't drowning.

But this was one of those moments when a girl prefers that even the most fascinating man in the world would get the hell out until she gets her complexion restored and does a few things to her hair.

Instead, he stood there. So she said, "I'm sorry I made so much trouble. I know I made it hard for both of us—"

He brushed that aside. "It really was nothing—"

"For you perhaps—but rather an event in *my* life," Amber cut in. "I really swim very well usually—"

"Every morning?" he asked.

"Every morning," Amber admitted.

"Then perhaps tomorrow you'll save *my* life," he said.

She knew what he meant. But he

There was lunch in the basket on Casey's handle bars as they bicycled toward a stretch of sand where they could be alone.

By

ROYAL BROWN

had yet to learn that at Elbow Beach Amber sat and swam alone. Because of that she attracted roving male eyes. "Who is she?" a man would ask.

Because she seemed to disdain everybody, she annoyed feminine eyes. "Who does she think she is?" a girl would retort.

Those whose minds turned to cynicism supplied a possible clue. "She's just waiting for the man who pays her bills to show up."

They were right. The man for whom Amber waited had paid all her bills since birth. In good years he had made as much as a quarter of a million. He had never stinted her in anything. He wanted her to be happy and was honestly baffled because she wasn't.

"The hell of it is," he had said wistfully, "that you could have a good time, a swell time, if you were like me. But you aren't. You're like your mother."

That had been a week ago Sunday. She had been at Framingham then, home from Vassar. She didn't want to go back to Vassar. She wanted to go somewhere; get a job. What sort of job? It didn't matter. She had been trying to explain that to him.

But the house at Framingham had been a bedlam. It always was. It had belonged to a millionaire; it had landscaped gardens, greenhouses, tennis court, stables, and a swimming pool.

Big Ed Noyes adored it. "Come out and see it," he told everybody he knew.

And they came—lawyers, doctors, policemen. Men who looked like gangsters but often weren't; men who didn't look like racketeers and probably were. State officials, politicians, even pickpockets. Whatever they were, they were fed, served drinks. And to Big Ed that was life. *His* life. He had a good time, a swell time, wherever he was or whatever he was doing.

In court, where he had only to bring his impeccably tailored two hundred pounds erect and roar an objection that dominated the courtroom; at Framingham, where he was the perfect host. Openhanded, generous—out of court anyway. He could afford to be, with the money he made in court.

He was a lawyer and he made money not only because he was clever and resourceful but because he was utterly unscrupulous.

Amber could remember being wakened as a child and hearing him talk over the phone, his voice breaking the stillness of the night.

"So you're in a jam!" he'd say. "Well, here's some more bad news for you. Getting me out of bed is going to cost you five grand before I even listen to you. Get it?"

Once Amber asked him what five grand was.

He had laughed at her. "What are you doing—tapping wires at your age?" Then, because he adored her and must tell her something to answer the question still in her wide eyes, "A grand is a whole lot of money—and I'll need it to keep you a silk purse instead of turning into a sow's ear like your dad. We'll make you the gal your mother would want you to be."

Amber had no memory of her mother. But there was no question but that Big Ed had admired her and loved her passionately.

"She was a princess!" he had once told Amber in a voice that was different from the way he talked of anybody else. "She had hair like yours—that's why I called you Amber. You had the same frizz when you were born."

It was a shock to Amber, still a child, when she learned that her mother had taught school before she married Big Ed.

"But you said she was a princess," she had protested.

"She was a princess who had to teach school," he had explained solemnly. And then, with the swift humor she knew so well, "And she certainly tried to make me mind my P's and Q's. She didn't have much success, but—"

He had paused, looked sad for a moment. Then added, "But we'll make a princess of you!"

And that had been his mistake. He was clever; he was resourceful. He thought he could achieve a miracle,

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and he had. To his own undoing.

And that was why Amber was in Bermuda. Waiting for him to come.

"I'm sorry you don't like the place—or the people here," he had said at Framingham. "But I can see how you wouldn't. Your mother wouldn't have, either."

He had been interrupted then; all their talks were subject to interruptions. This time somebody had been pushed into the swimming pool with all his clothes on. That was apt to happen any time at Framingham. But there had been no water in the pool this Sunday and the victim needed medical attention.

"I don't blame you," Big Ed had said grimly. "Listen. Why not run off for a few days? Go to Bermuda. I'll be down as soon as I can. I've got a case coming that may run a week. After that—"

After that he would come. He would find friends here. He had friends everywhere. The sort of friends he would have, as a part of his background. But he had given Amber a very different background. He had sent her to exclusive finishing schools, then to Vassar. As if he were keeping some pact with her mother. Giving her the associations, the breeding her mother would have wanted for her.

He had made her—well, what was she now? A failure?

Not in her father's eyes. She knew he utterly adored her. Not in the eyes of *his* friends. They all admired her and their eyes assured her they would be glad to admire her even more if she'd give them a chance.

THE man who had saved her from drowning this brilliant Bermuda morning was also eying her. But with a difference. He had nice eyes. They might grow hot or angry but she couldn't imagine them cold or calculating. He looked like football or crew and exclusive clubs at Harvard. Like Boston. Beacon Hill perhaps.

"Are you from Boston?" she asked abruptly.

He grinned. "How did you guess it?"

"I'm psychic," she told him.

But she wasn't. She just knew the type. The brothers of the girls she had been to finishing school with. The type that some of the girls at Vassar met in New York, saw shows with, and sooner or later married.

They formed a caste. And though Big Ed might call them stuffed shirts, they despised him. And his daughter.

The finishing school had been the worst. How Big Ed had managed that was a mystery, or perhaps not. But though he had in some incredible way put pressure on the austere gentlewoman who ran it, he could not put pressure on the girls Amber met—yet didn't.

The one Amber hated most was a dark-haired subdeb named Hope Dighton.

"Her father," Hope had said, "is just a shyster. My *father* said so."

The other girls were being pointed

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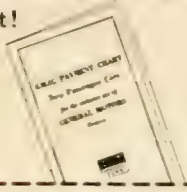

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toward their debuts, toward marriage. But what kind of debut could Big Ed give Amber?

"I think I'd like to go to college," she had told him when she was eighteen.

Vassar had been better. Amber had a generous allowance and some fun. With the girls from the West, Omaha, Kansas City. They knew her father was a lawyer but they hadn't an idea what kind. Not until just before Thanksgiving.

A girl from Omaha had asked then, "It isn't your father, is it, who is trying that case for alienation of affections against that Harvard man?"

Amber had evaded. "I wouldn't know—he never tells me anything."

The girl from Omaha had looked as if she might say something else. Such as, "They say your father is just a shyster who handles that sort of case."

She hadn't, but Vassar had been spoiled for Amber. She didn't want to stay or go back. She had thought that out on the train, returning home. A man in the chair across the aisle had a Boston paper, picked up at Worcester. Across the front page was an eight-column streamer:

JURY RETURNS VERDICT OF $25,000 IN TOODLES' HEART-BALM SUIT

The headline seemed to angle for Amber's attention, pricking her preoccupation. Suddenly she realized why. This, she felt sure, was the case that had exiled her from Vassar.

AT Framingham, that Sunday, there could be no doubt of it.

"Here's to Toodles, Ed," a young lawyer had said, lifting a highball. "You took that guy good and plenty."

Who the guy was, Amber didn't know. She didn't want to know anything about the case. She had come to Bermuda to get away from all that. She could have become acquainted with any number of people, but she chose, deliberately, to hold herself aloof. She was simply waiting for her father to come; marking time through an interim. She did not dream that in the interim Fate would practically drown her in order that she might be rescued by—

Well, a guy who had come to Bermuda to forget, if he could, that he had been mixed up in a dirty law case during which a shyster lawyer had made a monkey out of him on the stand, and finally, in a blazing, searing summation, persuaded a jury to award the husband of a girl the newspapers referred to as Toodles, a $25,000 verdict.

His name was Kenneth Chilton Weston. But at Groton, where he had been registered at birth, and at Harvard, where he had been football and track, the K and C that were his initials had been contracted to Casey.

Neither by full name nor nickname could Amber have identified him. When he left her, at Elbow Beach, he said nothing about seeing her again. But she felt very sure somehow there would be a second meeting either by chance or design.

It was probably chance. At five o'clock, as she emerged from a shop, she encountered him coming in. White-flanneled, looking more tanned than ever.

"The world is a small place—and Bermuda is even smaller," he said. "Are you fully recovered?"

She said she was. "And you?"

"I'm sunk," he said ruefully. "I've got to get some special sort of sweater for my sister. I— Would you come to my rescue?"

They found the sweater. And after that they found cocktails, served on a terrace overlooking the harbor.

IT'S just occurred to me that we were never properly introduced," he said. He hesitated and then added tentatively, "Everybody calls me Casey."

Amber laughed. Just because Bermuda was warm and beautiful and something in Casey's eyes made her feel warm. And beautiful, too.

"It can't be the Irish in you," she remarked.

"It may be, at that," he replied. A shadow passed briefly over his face. "No Irishman could get into more scrapes—or worse ones—than I can." And then, before she could appraise that, he added, "What do people call you?"

"Amber," said Amber.

"They would," he said in a way that warmed her heart still further, even more than a Daiquiri could.

"I owe you at least two cocktails for saving my life," he said.

He meant the sweater, of course.

"Are you trying to tell me that you don't know another girl in Bermuda who would do that for you?" Amber asked. Lightly. But she waited for his answer.

Again his face shadowed. "Maybe—but I'm off women—in general anyway. A burnt child dreads the fire. Heard that one?"

Amber had. Had some girl jilted him? What girl in her right senses would?

"Do you like sailing?" he asked abruptly.

Amber said, "I love it." She spoke without thought. The truth was that she never had been in a sailboat.

He said eagerly, "Let's sail tomorrow—if you haven't any other plans."

Amber had none. "I'm quite alone here," she said.

"Could you come to dinner with me tonight?" he asked breathlessly.

Amber hesitated. Then, "I'd love to," she said, "but—"

"I'm dining with some friends," he pressed on. "You'll love it. They're English—Bermuda English of course—but they're easy and informal. We can go just as we are—"

"But I can't!" Amber protested. "What would they think? Of me?"

"They'll adore you," he said with utter sincerity.

"But how can you introduce me to your friends? You don't know a thing about me—"

"Not a thing?" he questioned. "Haven't I eyes—and ears?"

He had obviously, and perhaps there was a bit of Irish cajolery in him somewhere, for Amber presently found herself in a victoria with him. The victoria had a white umbrella and it was driven by a Negro with a black heart of mourning on his sleeve. The dusk deepened and a Negress strummed a guitar and sang My Old Kentucky Home. The lamps of passing bicycles glowed like fireflies but were less brilliant than the stars overhead.

The night was like a drug; the moment like a segment of a dream. Into it came a house set in a gorgeous garden, fragrant but only dimly seen. A wide porch, a wider doorway streaming light.

"This," said Casey, "is Amber. I found her all by myself. Tell me at once that you think I'm clever."

They smiled and welcomed Amber. Their home was lovely. A long gracious living room with a high arched ceiling. Amber had another cocktail and then there was dinner, and, in Amber, the feeling that this was life as it should be; these were her people.

Yet when, at eleven o'clock, Casey looked at her and said abruptly, "It's too gorgeous a night to spend it all indoors. Would you like to take a spin around the harbor in a speedboat?" she was eager to go.

They said good night and were about to leave when the serpent entered what to Amber had been nearer Eden than anything she had ever known. A feminine serpent. The girl who had told the other girls at private school that Amber's father was just a shyster. Hope Dighton.

Amber recognized her at once; knew that Hope remembered her. Hope's eyes widened, then narrowed.

To Casey, Hope said, "I trust you aren't going just because *I've* come."

Amber felt sick. Was it Hope that had made Casey wary of women?

But Casey's voice remained unperturbed. "Just going, anyway."

Hope said, "I thought you were a woman hater now."

As she said it she looked Amber over insolently. Then she turned, smiled up at her host. "How about a drink?" she asked.

"Let's go," said Casey to Amber then.

THEY went. But not before Amber heard Hope, still in earshot, say, "Well—some men never learn."

What she meant by that, Amber didn't exactly know. She only knew that the magic of the moment had been broken.

"I think I'm tired," she said abruptly. "Would you mind if I didn't go speedboating after all?"

He looked disappointed yet instantly solicitous. "So many things have happened since," he said, "that I had forgotten it was only this morning you nearly got drowned—"

"And nearly drowned you," she reminded him. Lightly. Determinedly so.

"What time shall I call for you tomorrow?" he asked, at the hotel.

"It doesn't matter," she said.

He wouldn't, she was sure, call for her at all. Not with Hope Dighton acting as a feminine Paul Revere, spreading the news through Bermuda. He'd just phone and say he was sorry but another date he had forgotten intervened. Perhaps some other time soon—

She looked up at him then, and for a moment she thought he was going to kiss her. But he didn't.

Instead he said simply, "Good night—and thank you."

She said steadily, "Good night—and thank *you!*"

Just that. He didn't know, couldn't know, that this was good-by.

"But where did you find her?" her hostess of tonight would demand of him in her nice English voice. "Hope says she is quite impossible. Her father is a shyster lawyer and—"

AND Amber finally slept, but not much. She never dreamed that he would come. Yet at ten on the dot he did.

"Ready?" he asked.

The harbor was shirred blue with little white caps of lace to trim it. As he sailed he looked like a young, very modern Viking. She looked at him—and he looked at her.

"Swell day for sailing," said his voice. But his eyes said much more as they lingered on her. Then suddenly he asked, "Are you a princess in disguise or something?"

"No more than Cinderella was," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

He smiled. "I wondered. That girl who came in late last night called me up this morning and asked me if I knew who you really were. I asked her what she meant, and she said, 'I see you don't. Wait until you find out.' As if the joke would be on me."

Amber's heart constricted. So *that* was the way Hope Dighton had chosen. Cat-and-mouse stuff.

Casey was speaking: "Are you a movie star, here incognito?"

Amber shook her head. "I'm not. I—I think I know what she wondered if I had told you," she went on quickly. "She and I went to private school together and—"

"Don't tell me—*please!*" he implored. "I—"

He stopped, conscious of the wonder in her widened eyes.

"I'd rather you didn't," he explained. "You know, it's seldom two people get together as we have. I mean—well, we know each other and that's all. I'd rather leave it that way. If you will trust me—"

"Trust you?" Amber echoed, astonished. "Why shouldn't I? I—"

"Thank you," he said. "I'll try to deserve that. And in the meantime let's have it just you and me. Amber and Casey." Then: "If you ever hear anything that seems bad about me, will you give me a chance to explain?" he asked.

That startled Amber. But, looking into his eyes, she said, "I wouldn't

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TEXACO DEALERS

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TEXACO REG. T.M.

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—starring Kenny Baker and Frances Langford Every Wednesday Night—C. B. S.—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

Frankfurt and Fruit Platter. *Simmer—do not boil—Frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately. Fill peach halves with melon balls and place on beds of endive or lettuce around the Frankfurts.*

Swift's new "dinner" size Frankfurts. They're made of fine meats, and so tender they cut with a fork!

WHEN you've planned the *meat*, you've solved the hardest part of your menu. No wonder hostesses are welcoming Swift's Premium Frankfurts! They're new! They're *different!* And simply *delicious!*

Don't confuse this new treat with ordinary large frankfurts. *These* plump beauties are delicately *fork-tender*, thanks to a new method of "tendering" the skins in pineapple juice (patent pending on this method). You don't get the faintest trace of pineapple flavor . . . but you'll get a real surprise when you see how *tender* these links are.

Made of fine cuts of beef and pork, they're seasoned to perfection . . . then patiently smoked over fires of fragrant hardwoods. *Do* try them . . . soon. Be sure to ask for them by name . . . Swift's Premium Frankfurts.

Take your choice! *In addition to the big "dinner" size your dealer has Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts in the standard size, equally delicious. But whichever you choose, look for the "Swift's Premium" seal of finest quality.*

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SWIFT'S PREMIUM *Tender Frankfurts*

Swift's spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country make many other "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" meat products, including Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

believe it anyway." Then, as his eyes thanked her for that, she added quickly, "And if you hear anything bad about me, will you give me a chance to explain too?"

"As soon as I punch their noses off I'll give you the chance to explain—since you ask it," he promised.

They had lunch as they sailed and they came in toward sunset, with wind-ruffled hair and salt-sprayed cheeks. The wind had dropped and the water's hue changed from blue to lapis lazuli, then to jade.

"It's all so beautiful," Amber said, breaking a silence—drugged delicious silence that had bothered neither of them. She added, "I never felt so peaceful in all my life."

She might have added, "Nor so happy." At least last night had not been the end; perhaps this was just a beginning.

In any event, she surrendered herself to the present. They were always together during the days that followed, from good morning to good night. They swam, sailed, bicycled, they dined and danced together.

And now it was the Saturday before Christmas and Bermuda was thronged with tourists. So there was lunch for two in the wicker basket on Casey's handle bars as they bicycled toward a stretch of sand where they could be alone. Here they swam, and presently they lunched and talked and were silent. And so the long lazy afternoon passed, and then they bicycled back into Hamilton.

It had been another perfect day together. All her days had been perfect with him. He made her think of what a girl from Denver returning to Vassar wearing an engagement ring had said:

"Oh, he's wonderful! I told my mother the first time I met him that I'd get him if I could—that he had everything!"

CASEY had everything. Fun and humor and yet he was steady. He had never tried to rush her; he never pressed, never questioned. They had never even spoken about love. They just did everything together. Yet nobody who saw them together could doubt that they were in love.

Now, back at Amber's hotel, they racked their bicycles. Amber promised to join him in a minute on the terrace for cocktails. After that they would have dinner, then dance.

But the clerk at the desk said, "Your father has arrived, Miss Noyes. He left a note for you."

The note read:

Here am I and where are you? I came down on the Clipper to surprise you. I'm glad you are having fun, but this is no way for a girl to receive her prodigal father, is it? As you are not expected back until dinner, so far as I can discover, I'm off myself. See you then.

He might be a shyster but she had always adored him. Yet her first thought as she read the note was,

Now I can't have dinner with Casey.

Her second was, And—and now he'll know about my father. I suppose I ought to tell him, before he meets him.

Would it make any difference? She resolutely stopped trying to forecast Casey, powdered her nose and joined him on the terrace. As she approached him he rose, and then, without a word from her, spoke swiftly:

"What's happened?"

"Nothing—except that my father has come. He expects me to have dinner with him. I'm afraid—our dinner date is off."

From her tone he must have guessed how much she minded that, if he hadn't felt, instantly, that he must tell her something, too.

"Perhaps your father will blame me for not telling you at once," he said soberly, as soon as they were seated. "Perhaps I should have. But it's nothing I want to talk about to anybody. And not to you, especially, until you know me better. And—perhaps—understand."

He looked at her, smiled—at least his lips did.

"But there is something I should tell you, too," she began. "I—"

"Let me tell you first," he pleaded.

AT first Amber thought Casey was just telling her about the girl who had injured his faith in women. Jilted him perhaps. A girl who had been a waitress in Harvard Square when he was a senior at Harvard. But suddenly she realized there was more than that to it.

"I'll make it brief," Casey promised. "Her husband was out of work. They had a baby less than a year old. So she worked. She worked hard. I was sorry for her. Now and then I drove her home after she got through work. I even—my friends say I was crazy—loaned her money—"

He paused, as if to make sure she understood that.

"You would," said Amber. "*That* would be like you."

Casey smiled ruefully. "Sir Galahad in a tin suit? But I thought she was very young, very innocent—in fact, it's still hard for me to think she wasn't. But my friends assure me it was I who was young and innocent."

His eyes went back to the harbor. He hated telling this, Amber knew.

"I'd never seen her husband. Then one night—about nine—she asked me to come up to her apartment and meet him. He wasn't there, but—"

He seemed to choke. "But—well, he came in. With his sister. He said nasty things, and she—well, she said things that didn't help. That he was no good and that she loved me and—"

He made a grimace of distaste. "Maybe it was a frame-up. I wouldn't know. I suppose I should have settled out of court. I didn't, and—well, the case went to trial and it was a lovely mess. The newspapers dubbed the girl Toodles and—"

He looked at her then. Saw the horror in her eyes.

"So you *have* heard!" he said. "And which do you believe—that I was just a fool that got hooked, or that I got what I deserved?"

Amber tried to find her voice. "It isn't that. It's—it's just—"

"The publicity? I was warned about that. If you knew the type of lawyer that tried the case for her husband as well as I do, you'd—"

He stopped short. Amber had risen. She must get away. Quickly.

"I—I do," she managed to say. "It—it was my father who tried the case. I didn't know—never dreamed—"

She couldn't finish. "Good-by," she said, and fled blindly.

SHE wanted to be alone. The last person she wanted to see just then was her father. But he was waiting for her. Not in her room but in the suite he had neglected to reserve but which he had secured nonetheless. A well tipped maid had swiftly transferred Amber's luggage to one of the three rooms it comprised.

He was waiting for her in the living room. He was freshly barbered and he smelt of talcum, tobacco, and good whisky as he kissed her.

Then, "What's the matter?" he asked instantly.

"Nothing," said Amber.

He knew better than that. She might seek to evade, but he had been a cross-examiner most of his life and he wrung the truth from her.

"It's Casey—the—man you sued. I met him. I didn't know who he was. I think he liked me a lot. He just told me about the suit, and I told him you were my father—"

She dabbed at her eyes, fighting back the tears. That wrung his heart. He would have taken her in his arms but she shrank away from him.

That hurt. "Suppose I *am* your father—what of it?" he exploded. "If he cares for you—"

Amber looked at him. "It just makes this difference," she said in a monotone: "Aside from what you did to him, you stand for something he despises. And that's true of the people I met at finishing school—and Vassar."

It was out at last. What she had hoped she would never say to him. He was her father. He had done everything for her. Now she had hurt him.

He surprised her. He laughed. "Hell's bells! We don't have to backwater for any of that bunch. Who are these people you speak of? Name them. I can tell you about them. I've got plenty on them. I—"

Amber asked, "And what good will that do me?"

He said, "Well, it's gotten me considerable. I—"

The room telephone was ringing. He paused, reached for the receiver. "What's that? Amber? Who is it? All right, come up. I said come up! What are you—a man or a louse?"

He replaced the instrument violently.

Amber asked, her eyes wide and apprehensive, "Who—is it?"

"Who do you think it is?" he asked.

Amber said, "I can't stay here. I shan't. I—"

"Sit down!" her father roared, in that voice that had dominated so many courtrooms.

In spite of herself, Amber sat down. Big Ed glowered at her for a moment, then turned to the phone and demanded a bottle of brandy, ice, and charged water.

As he hung up the receiver there was a knock at the door. Big Ed opened it and Casey came in.

"I think we've met before," Big Ed remarked dryly. "I—"

"I'd like to speak to Amber—alone," said Casey.

"Not a chance," said Big Ed. He grinned. "Rather a surprise all around." His voice, trained through the years for every effect, was easy, satirical. "Here I am. Amber's father. What of it? A father is more or less a biological accident. Amber has just as many ancestors as you have and some of them are just as good—or just as bad—as yours."

He was getting into his stride. Before a jury not of twelve but of two. His daughter and the man she loved. Both hostile to him.

Well, he had won many a case against greater odds.

"But I'm still her father," he went on. "And what does that make her? A shyster's daughter? I didn't make the laws. I didn't put the loopholes in them. I ferreted them out, used them. For my clients; for my own benefit, if you choose. And for some of your sweet and sainted lawyers too. They come to me fast enough when they have dirty work to be done. I get paid well for it. But so do they. The difference is, they consider themselves ethical, while—"

A knock at the door interrupted him. "Come in!" he roared.

It was room service, with brandy and soda. He signed for it, tipped the man, bellowed at him to get out.

HE poured brandy and took a swallow. "Ethical lawyers," he resumed, his voice dripping sarcasm. "*You* had one. Didn't he tell you you should say this; must not say that? Did he counsel you to tell the truth, the whole truth? Didn't he say that I would distort and that, to protect yourself, you must lie?"

Casey started to answer.

"Don't tell me," Big Ed roared. "I know. I know your own lawyer advised you to settle—"

Casey said hotly, "He did—but only because it was blackmail. I knew I was in the right—"

"And so you went to court—and stepped into a fast left. Got licked and had a twenty-five-thousand-dollar verdict pinned on you. You asked for it—"

Casey said, "Do you call that justice?"

"Who said anything about justice?" Big Ed demanded. "What *is* justice? Who knows? I've been in court more years than you are old and I'll tell you that the law rarely

if ever, does exact justice in any case. I—"

"Then you admit it didn't—in mine?" Casey said.

Big Ed hesitated for a moment. If he said "Yes," perhaps that would ease everything. Or would it? He didn't know. He had faced many juries but never one like this. He had so far made no headway with them. He was fighting now not for himself but for Amber. She hadn't looked at Casey—but he had seen Casey look at Amber.

He shifted swiftly; this was one case he *must* win.

"You want me to say that the twenty-five-thousand-dollars verdict was rank injustice—after all you tried to do for the girl? And what did you do? You were playing God—or trying to. A nice feeling. Made you think you were fine and big, didn't it? Don't lie to me!"

At least he had shocked them into startled interest. Casey's eyes were wide and so was Amber's mouth.

"But let me tell you something," Big Ed went on. "It takes experience to play God. A lot of it. If you had seduced the girl, you'd feel as if you should pay, wouldn't you? Well, you *did* seduce her. You think you were honorable. You were just a damned fool playing God. What chance did her husband and the background he could give her have when she had glimpsed yours?"

Amber looked as if her mouth were forming a protest. But Big Ed pressed on swiftly.

"Do you think Toodles was just a blackmailer? She wasn't. She acted as any woman would. She thought you were interested and she tried to get you. You *had* alienated her. You went into a back pedal and left her on a limb. She felt scorned—and hell has no fury like a woman scorned."

He paused, turned again to the brandy bottle, poured himself a drink. But he was looking at his jury. Casey had turned uncertainly toward Amber. And Amber was looking at him now. With her heart in her eyes.

Big Ed took a swallow. "I don't know what there is between you and Amber," he resumed. That was a lie. He knew very well. "But if there is anything, you aren't marrying me, you're marrying her. And if you think you're too good for her, I'll kick you out of this room and down the elevator well. She—"

"I never had any such thought!" Casey protested violently. "She got away before I could say anything. I came up here to tell her that it made no difference—"

Big Ed stared at him. "Why in hell didn't you tell me so?"

Casey said, "Why in hell didn't you give me a chance to tell *her* so?"

Big Ed looked stunned. "Well," he began uncertainly, and stopped short.

Amber had come to her feet. She was moving toward Casey.

"You mean," she was saying, "that—that it doesn't make any difference?"

Evidently it didn't, for Amber was in Casey's arms.

"But your family—your friends?" she was saying. "What will they think?"

Big Ed said quickly, "What does he care what they think? If they kick, turn them over to me. Nobody ever pushed me around, and they won't push my daughter. I—"

But Amber wasn't listening to him.

"I," Casey was telling her, "don't give a damn what they think!"

It occurred to Big Ed that as far as either was concerned he was no more than an ectoplasm. So he went out and slammed the door behind him. In the hall he reached for his handkerchief, mopped his forehead.

"Whew!" he murmured. "I thought for a moment I'd lost *that* one."

He was downstairs, at the bar, having the highball he felt he needed, when he realized it wasn't his argument that had won it after all.

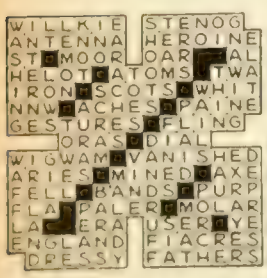
"I had a jury-fixer," he decided then, with a grin. "A little guy with a bow and arrow!"

But he merely grinned wider and ordered another drink. He'd won anyway.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN



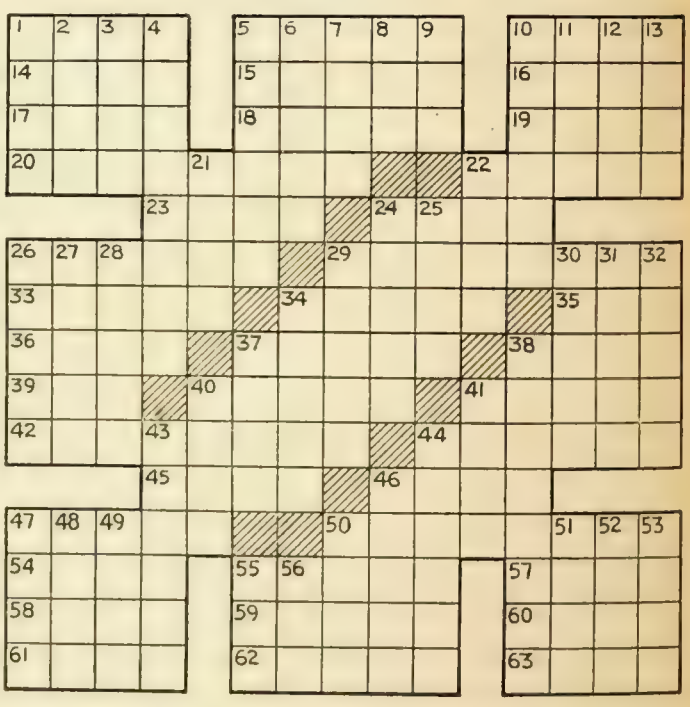
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Theater box
5 Make corrections
10 Revise
14 Dry
15 Fracas
16 Roman emperor
17 Ban
18 Thin sheet of metal
19 In the midst of
20 Choosing by vote
22 Wrong
23 Melody (pl.)
24 Sport
26 Spiral legging
29 Control
33 Constellation
34 Sapper
35 Prohibit
36 Outer covering
37 Lassoed
38 Vishnu
39 Tab
40 Proofreader's mark
41 Steps
42 Kind of furniture
44 Lower in quality, purity, etc.
45 Part of a stove
46 Aromatic plant
47 List of candidates
50 Diversions
54 One of a branch of the Aryan family
55 Quick
57 Portion of a church
58 Poker term
59 Wiser
60 Thought
61 Kind of gas
62 Exhausted
63 Coin

VERTICAL

1 Tardy
2 Spoken
3 Taunt
4 Instructed
5 Region ruled by a sovereign
6 Greek island
7 Dash
8 Trap
9 River in England
10 Smooth, hard coating
11 Prefix: half
12 Flower
13 Fox (pl.; Scot.)
21 Fastens
22 River in Asia
24 Animal allied to the civet
25 Old
26 Lets go
27 Biblical name
28 Tint
29 Mellow



30 Manila hemp
31 Renders docile
32 Wipe out
34 Feeble-minded person
37 Price
38 Pertaining to a Jewish interpreter of the law
40 Cavern
41 Saucy
43 Decayed
44 Arid wasteland
46 Refuge
47 Examine closely
48 Unaspirated consonant
49 Tenor violin or viola
50 Waste away, as from distress, anxiety, etc.
51 Constructed
52 Level, smooth
53 Posture on horseback
55 Domestic animal
56 Metal polisher

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A successful Powers model who has a stage career on the side. Miss Carroll is appearing in the Broadway musical hit, Louisiana Purchase.

On the tall side.

Well groomed hair. (Hers is long, an exception to the general rule.)

Photographs well.

Erect carriage.

Neither fat nor too thin.

The Powers bandbox.

Graceful walk.

THE PROFESSION OF BEING A LADY

A secret — manners make models today, says one who knows

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

JOHN ROBERT POWERS, as all the world knows, conducts the largest agency for models. He took command of the business fifteen or more years ago and has brought to it some strikingly original ideas which are exerting a wide influence on American life.

The Powers agency provides employment for girls who by nature are equipped for the career of photographic or dress models. But associated with the agency is a small but remarkable school for the training and development of personality, and it is from the school that the important influence emanates. It affects immediately all the girls who work for the agency, even though they don't take the training course. The ideas on which the training is based are so sound and so vital that they are quickly passed on—you might say they pass themselves on—until they reach a vast and immediately interested public. I am convinced that they will ultimately establish themselves everywhere in our national education.

When I talked with Mr. Powers the other day in his busy New York office, I told him I was interested in his work because of its educational implications. He told me that the germ of his idea was implanted by an unusual boys' school which really educated. There were few pupils in it, and each boy received individual attention, the purpose being not to mold all the personalities to the same type but to develop in each personality the qualities which belonged to it. Later, he said, this educational ideal was suggested again by his brief experience in the company of Sir Beerbohm Tree.

"I didn't know you were an actor," said I. "Were you a good one?"

"On several occasions," said he, "I proved that I was not; but what Beerbohm Tree did for all the members of his company, coaching and grooming each personality so that it would make the greatest possible contribution to the total effect of the performances, was exactly the kind of education I had seen in the boys' school. I applied it to the training of models. A girl who models clothes, or is photographed in an advertisement, is a selling agent for the merchandise. An actor is a salesman for the play. In life men and women are selling agents for themselves, for the ideals they stand for."

Mr. Powers' school teaches young women how to walk and stand, how to speak, how to groom themselves. The ideas which have inspired him are not new in the world. They swept Europe some four hundred years ago when the manners of the gentleman and the lady were invented. You can find them all in the famous conduct books such as Castiglione's Book of the Courtier. The men and the women who at the end of the Renaissance cultivated the newly invented technique of behaving like gentlemen and ladies did so for the best of reasons—in order to get on in society. Girls now are recovering the lost technique in order to earn a living. But good manners and a general self-development acquired for business purposes will remain a permanent possession, even when we are not at work.

I asked Mr. Powers if he realized how far his influence now extends.

BY JOHN ERSKINE

Modestly he declined to make a guess. I then asked if he kept track of all the magazine articles in which he has been written up, and he showed me some publicity albums.

One glance at these books would tell you this unique quality in the publicity which Mr. Powers receives—for a long time it has been practically continuous. A magazine which has once written up his work is certain to write it up again. Since American magazines of large circulation are read chiefly by women, and since editors try to give their readers what the readers want, the conclusion is inevitable that American women haven't yet heard enough about the Powers models.

WHEN I made this comment, as we turned over the pages of the albums, Mr. Powers said American women were perhaps interested not so much in the models as in the training imparted by the school.

"Word has got around that we can teach girls to walk beautifully, to talk beautifully, to stand beautifully, to behave beautifully. Don't you think there are a good many women busy with their housework, thwarted perhaps in their education, who wonder if our training isn't the formula for the personal development they have craved?"

"I'd like to know more about the curriculum of the school," I said.

"We have no curriculum. We try to teach each girl what she needs, and no two need the same thing. On the whole, the greatest need is for improvement in walking and talking."

"You mean voice training?"

"Partly. More often it's precision and ease in expressing themselves. Talking well must be practiced, like any other exercise, until it becomes second nature. Even a clear-thinking person with a good mind sometimes gets stage fright when called upon to talk in public. Any conversation, except with intimate friends, is talking in public. The lost art of conversation is lost only in the sense that it's not practiced.

"Besides, you can't talk well unless you know how to listen. That's why we have a course in answering the telephone."

I laughed, but John Powers continued serious. "Any one can make a call on the telephone, but it isn't so easy to reply. When you do the calling, it's for a definite purpose. You know in advance what you want to say. But when some one calls you, it's an interruption. You don't at first know what it's about; you may not recognize the voice; and perhaps you won't like the message when you get it. Here you have an exaggerated form of a problem which is met in all human communication. The problem is exaggerated because you are not aided by the eye but must depend entirely on the ear. In whatever way the conversation develops, we naturally wish to begin with no degree of cordiality, or the opposite, which to any extent we shall be compelled to change later. To listen well, you must pay close attention, use your imagination, and think fast."

"That must be a wonderful training for secretaries," said I.

"For anybody," said he, "men or women. I'm not training secretaries, though some of our girls find their career in just that work. I'm interested in developing personality by the practice of those behavior techniques which allow the personality to come out."

"Tell me something," I asked, "about the background of your girls—what sort of homes they've had, how much education."

"They come from all parts of the country," he said, "from every kind of background. Some of them are college graduates, Phi Beta Kappas, and some have had much less schooling. The number of girls who want to model is, of course, enormous. In fifteen years, I suppose, over a million have applied; but most of them aren't of the right height, or they haven't a good figure, or perhaps they don't photograph well."

"What is the right height?" I asked.

"In general, a model should be on the tall side—not too tall of course; you can't state it in exact inches—and she must be neither fat nor too thin. And of course she must photograph well."

YOU said they apply from all parts of the country. From what state do the majority come?"

He answered without hesitation: "Texas."

"Why?"

"I haven't the faintest idea; but Texas also furnishes many young men and women for the stage, many singers and actors. That state seems to have something."

"Do you attribute that," I asked, "to the soil or the climate?"

John Powers did not seem to think my question important, but I believe it is. The soil which produces fine cattle and fine horses is likely also to produce fine men and women, and perhaps for the same reason. The chemicals which make bone and sinew for one sort of animal should do as much for another sort.

"When the girls apply to your agency," said I, "must they come here in person?"

I was thinking of the distance some applicants would have to travel.

"They usually write in first," he said, "and they usually send snapshots. Sometimes they are recommended to us by people who understand what we are looking for, people in whose judgment we have confidence. But we prefer to have the applicant come here. You can't judge a model until she talks."

"But the pictures," I said, "show you at least what the applicant looks like, don't they?"

"For our purposes they don't. Modeling dresses and modeling for the camera is a very different thing from just having your picture taken." He paused a moment. "It works both ways. Some of the applicants have less talent than their pictures lead you to expect, and others have far more. I can give you an example. A model today is expected to wear her hair short. As a rule, you might say almost invariably, the clients would reject a girl with long hair. But an application came in which we would have rejected had we gone only by the photograph which accompanied it; yet when we talked with the girl herself, we found her an unusually intelligent and forceful person. She was so determined not to cut off her hair that we decided to let her see what she could do wearing it long. She still wears it long, and she's had a successful career in spite of that fact. But of course she poses only where her special type is wanted."

"Assuming that the applicant is of the right appearance and photographs well," said I, "what other qualities do you look for?"

"Intelligence. The more intelligent they are, the better. We look for general intelligence and we shy off from glamour. Models who are trying to be glamour girls imitate whatever glamour girl happens to be the vogue. All glamour girls try to look alike. They will wear the same make-up, do their hair in the same style. The last thing they are studying is the expression of their own personality. We want each girl to look like herself and be unmistakably an individual; and we want them all to be ladies."

"You told me how the girls come to the agency," said I. "After they work for you, do they go on to other careers?"

OF course," he said. "Some of our girls go on the stage, and some have done well on the screen—Kay Francis, Joan Bennett, Paulette Goddard, Barbara Stanwyck, Anita Louise, Constance Cummings, Helen Vinson. Others too, but I mention the first names which occur.

"And of course they get married. That usually ends the career, but not always. Some of the married girls still earn a hundred and fifty dollars a week. Of course they must have been well known to our clients and much in demand before they combined their career with housekeeping."

As John Robert Powers talked about the development of personality I was wondering whether any personality in his outfit was more interesting than his own. He is dark, keen-eyed, rather tall, of a trim athletic figure, in early middle age. In manner he is easy and cordial—so easy as to seem casual; but perhaps this extreme easiness is a technique of self-preservation. His office is very busy, and to achieve an atmosphere of calm and an appearance of leisure would be possible only for a strong will. While I was using up his time with my questions, no doubt his mind glanced off

toward other matters more important to him; but only once, as I remember, did he allow the telephone to interrupt us.

He looks Irish, he was born in Easton, Pennsylvania, went to Lafayette College, lives on Long Island. His shrewdness is, I think, illustrated by his choice of a location for his agency and his school—not on Broadway nor in any of the show districts, but on Park Avenue, just above the Grand Central.

The school rarely has more than twelve pupils at one time. The tuition fee is $200 and the course lasts at least three months. On the active list of the agency there are always at least a hundred models, who pay a ten-per-cent commission.

AS I left the school and started up the avenue, I passed several of the Powers girls. They are easily recognized by the graceful bandbox they carry, made of shining black leather and dangling from the arm by a black band.

As I walked on I thought again of Castiglione and the famous conduct book mentioned a few minutes ago. The old courtier would be astounded at Mr. Powers and his models, but I dare say he would approve, though not all of his rules for a perfect lady are likely to be taught again in our time, not even at the Powers school.

Castiglione believed the education of a woman should in essence be the same as the education of a man, with this exception: that in all her conduct the lady should avoid the slightest suggestion of masculinity. She should walk well and talk well, both arts to be mastered by careful training and practice. In talking she should cultivate graciousness and wit. If you couldn't be witty within reason, you had better not try to be a lady. In the practice of wit you should avoid gossip and scandal and all indelicacy.

In the matter of physical exercise Castiglione made an extreme differentiation between men and women. He was willing that the lady should walk to her heart's content, provided she always walked daintily, never with a long stride; but he forbade her to indulge in any exercise at which men are especially proficient. Specifically, she was not to handle the sword, the spear, or the battle-ax, she was not to ride, she was not to play tennis, and she was not to wrestle.

Dancing, of course, was permitted her, and music; but in dancing she was to use no active or violent movements. In singing or playing she must never be loud, and she should try for sweetness rather than for display of skill.

And never, never, if she valued her appearance, should she play the drum, the fife, or the trumpet.

I take it that Castiglione was not interested in founding a school for bare-kneed drum majorettes.

Neither is John Powers.

THE END

"John! I Forgot the Cellar Light!"

"Hurry up!" calls the horsecar driver. "Confound the folks with these new-fangled electric lights," mutters the impatient man in the black derby. But Mr. and Mrs. Gray Derby continue to worry because the lamp is left burning, and their whole evening is ruined.

IT'S HARD to believe these days, isn't it? Today electricity is so inexpensive that we use it more freely than water. Night lamps burn in thousands of homes. And we blithely go away for an hour or a week and leave electricity to take care of our refrigerators, regulate our furnaces, run our clocks, and operate our other home appliances.

Maybe we take electricity too much for granted. We seldom stop to realize how many tasks it makes easier —how many tasks it shoulders with no attention. Not only in the home, but also in industry, where it serves us in unsuspected ways. It makes possible the manufacture of thousands of the articles we use, reducing their cost, making them plentiful so that everyone can have them.

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WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN?

By **HARRIETTE ASHBROOK**

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 44

PART SIX—AN INVITATION TO MURDER

THE origin of the phrase "busier than a cranberry merchant" is obscure, and the phrase itself is not as good as it might be. "Busier than an amateur detective proving a neat theory" would be more accurate.

That was Spike Tracy all over on the day after he had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jason Talman, Mr. Jeffrey Linscott, and Miss Lillian Gillespie.

His first visit was to the home of James P. Worts. "I have come," he told the worried housekeeper, "for Mr. Worts' chess set. The inspector wants it down at Headquarters."

She looked blank. "But Mr. Worts has no chess set."

"Oh, you must be mistaken. We'll hunt for it."

But she was not mistaken. In spite of a thorough search, no chess set was discovered. Spike thanked her and tried to look crestfallen.

Then he went to a drugstore on the corner and telephoned a film distribut-

Swift surprise strikes into a vivid novel of bewildering mystery and a tantalizing girl

There by the disordered desk stood a boy, his eyes staring at the figure on the couch.

ing agency and inquired where within the metropolitan area The Sea Rogue, starring Donald Derr, was showing. Nowhere, they told him.

He came out of the drugstore and stood considering his next move. He turned with sudden decision and walked to the Ballinger house on East 84th Street. The servants were still there, reinforced by two patrolmen.

He asked for Sarah Allred, but found that she was out shopping on Lexington Avenue; so he talked to Jennie, the parlormaid, instead, and a very good substitute she was, although inclined to simper with satisfaction at being interviewed by such a personable young man.

"Now tell me, Jennie," he said when they were seated in the small reception room off the front hall, "tell me about The Sea Rogue. I mean, recall the picture scene by scene, and describe each one of them as carefully and precisely as you can."

She looked still more surprised—but pleased. Most people were bored to death if you tried to tell 'em the plot of a movie. She plunged into her task with gusto.

Spike listened and occasionally slowed up her too swift recital. "Wait a minute. . . . Not so fast there. . . . You say he jumps from the rigging of the burning ship into the sea and—"

"Yes, sir, clear from the top of the ship—you know, way up high from the topmast sail. It was pretty thrilling. I got so het up I near choked to death swallowing smoke."

"Good Lord, was the theater on fire as well as the ship?"

"Oh, no, sir; I was smoking a cigarette. Well, then, when he hits the water . . . Later, after about five days, they land in the West Indies, and is that an exciting scene! When the natives attacked, I got so tense that I grabbed Sarah's arm, and she liked to jump a mile. Well, after they beat off the natives . . ."

Jennie was sorry when it was over and the personable young man rose and gave her a whopping tip and a gesture of dismissal.

It was almost noon when Spike arrived at the West End Avenue apartment house. He sought out Becker, the man who had been placed on duty to watch the movements of Linscott.

"So what's doing?"

"Nothing much. I think he knows he's being tailed."

"Quite likely." If Linscott had known Worts and Worts had known *he* was being tailed, it would be quite likely that Linscott would assume . . .

"He went out last night about six," Becker went on, "but only down to Broadway. He got two magazines at a newsstand and came right back, and he's been here ever since."

"Notice the names of the magazines?"

"Yeah. They were movie magazines — Screen Romance and Film Stories."

"Good. Know where he keeps his car?"

"Fast Service Garage on 79th Street just west of Broadway."

At the Fast Service there were some casual inquiries about Mr. Linscott's car which were not very revealing. Then a bill changed hands. After that things were easier. Spike inspected the car, looked at the tires, asked some questions.

On the way back to the apartment house he bought a couple of movie magazines — Screen Romance and Film Stories. After a glance at the table of contents he abandoned Screen Romance, but his eye lighted with satisfaction as he looked at Film Stories. "Complete Story of The Sea Rogue, Donald Derr's New Picture. Fictionized by Annette Robbin." Handy, Spike reflected. Very handy for one professing to have seen The Sea Rogue. He filed the magazine in his pocket for further study.

At the apartment house he told the elevator operator to let him off at the tenth floor. Linscott himself opened the door, and this time Spike pushed his way into the foyer, firm but polite.

"Say, what the—" Then he caught the full light on Spike's face. "Oh, it's you!" He tried to make it sound casual, but Spike noted a sudden almost imperceptible tightening of the muscles of the jaw. In the living room he took a seat and lit the inevitable cigarette. He offered one to Linscott.

"Thanks, but I prefer my own."

There was a silence.

Spike looked around. A half-consumed drink stood on the table next to Linscott's chair and beside it an empty bottle. Linscott's eyes were sunk in deep wells of black that shoved into even sharper relief the puffy sacs beneath them.

"Well," Spike said finally, "why don't you say, 'To what do I owe the honor of this visit?'"

"Why—why ask unnecessary questions? You're a detective. You're here because you've got some kind of ridiculous suspicion that I know something about the Ballinger murder case."

"Do you?"

"Not a thing."

"What makes you think I'm a detective?"

"You were up here with Inspector Herschman yesterday, weren't you? Why didn't you stay?"

"I did—long enough to meet Miss Gillespie."

The jaw muscles tightened. "W-what do you mean?"

"Come off it, Linscott. I didn't go downstairs with Herschman to find the super. I was around the corner in the hall when you ducked back into the apartment. I saw the two dames come out."

"Oh, very well, then; they were here. Why should I try to conceal it? I've really nothing to conceal."

"Then why did you smuggle 'em out?"

"Look here. When you're entertaining two ladies, and detectives come to call on you, naturally you don't want to subject them to the indignity of becoming involved in a murder investigation about which they know nothing."

Spike considered this a moment. "Well, perhaps Miss Gillespie knows nothing — except what you've told her; but I rather imagine—" He paused, exhaled a barrage of cigarette smoke. "I rather imagine that little Patsy Ballinger is on to a few things." Through the cloud of smoke he watched Linscott closely.

At the mention of Patricia Ballinger a tiny nerve above one nostril quivered. Then suddenly he burst out: "Listen here. If you think that you can come here with any lousy suspicions that have been planted in your mind by young Miss Ballinger, you—you're—" He relapsed into nervous silence.

"So that's it." Spike was complacent. "She suspects you of murdering her mother. Why?"

"How should I know? Can I figure out every wild idea some dame gets into her crazy head?"

"So you arranged to have her meet Miss Gillespie and prove that you couldn't possibly have done it."

"Miss Gillespie just happened to drop in while Pat—Miss Ballinger was here. Why, she even—" He became more expansive, less tight-lipped. "She even had the nerve to suggest that I murdered old man Ballinger twenty years ago. That *is* a joke, you know. I wasn't even in this country at the time. I showed her my passport, and I guess that took the wind out of her sails."

"Passport?"

"Yes. Here." Linscott reached into his breast pocket and tossed over a small russet-bound booklet. Spike looked it through. "See, here's my visa and the consular stamps showing that I was in France."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ON Tuesday night Moira Ballinger, wealthy widow, is either murdered or commits suicide. The circumstances are most peculiar, as her death is practically a duplicate of that of her husband twenty years before. On Thursday night her lawyer, James P. Worts, is killed in a mean region of the East Side; and the following night Adrienne Cachin, her French maid, is found dead at the foot of a cliff of the Hudson River Palisades.

Inspector Herschman and his young aide, "Spike" Tracy, are stumped by the pattern of crime presented. At first they had suspected the lawyer and maid of complicity in Mrs. Ballinger's violent end. Both were apparently involved in strange and secret machinations.

The two detectives examine the Ballinger family set-up. Moira had been more or less estranged from her stepson, Sidney, who had asked her for the loan of $100,000 on the afternoon of her death; she had cast off her son, David, because he had married a poor Polish girl; and her blasé daughter, Patricia, not yet twenty-one, despised her mother and lived her own careless life.

Of the three heirs only Patricia had an unaccountable "in" on her mother's money.

Another person maintained by the dead widow was Jeffrey Linscott, a debauched middle-aged gigolo, who had been her intimate for many years—until the present moment, when he was engaged to Lillian Gillespie, a millionaire's daughter. Spike had checked up on the Linscott-Gillespie affair.

At the time of Moira's death her elderly sister, Ollie, who lived with her, and two of the servants were at the movies; the other servants had heard nothing. However, it turns out that Linscott called on Mrs. Ballinger the afternoon of the crime, and the police suspect that he possesses a key to the house.

They interview him, but he seems to have a cast-iron alibi, and his fiancée declares he was with her all of the fatal Tuesday evening up to midnight.

Suddenly, a detective helping Herschman and Spike nabs Patricia on a precipitate flight to the Pacific Coast with her Aunt Ollie—with $20,000 in her handbag!

Spike nodded and handed it back to him. "Yeah, pretty conclusive," he agreed. "By the way, do you always carry around with you a twenty-year-old passport?"

"No. I got this out yesterday to show Miss Ballinger, and just happened to stick it in my pocket."

"Is there any reason why you should keep an old expired passport?"

"Why — ah — no. No particular reason. It just happened that I kept this one by some strange chance."

"Very strange—but awfully fortunate."

Spike's tone suddenly lightened. "And now you don't mind if I search the place, do you? Just a matter of form—just one of those things that must be done. You know, like questioning all the servants and reading the will and opening up the family lockbox in the bank, and interviewing all callers, relations, icemen, and visiting firemen."

Linscott tried to laugh lightly. "My, you must be busy. Have you done all that—I mean the will and the lockbox and the visiting firemen?"

"Yes; we had a solemn conclave at Headquarters over the will."

"That really ought to let me out, then. I am not, I take it, the sole legatee of the Ballinger fortune, and therefore the person who will profit most by the foul deed."

"Correct. You are not."

"Ah, me—what a pity! But perhaps the lockbox contains a special bequest, a jewel taken from the eye of a Burma idol, said to bring the wearer great fortune—you know, like in the movies." Linscott laughed lightly again.

"I really couldn't say. They're getting a court order this morning to open the lockbox."

"Well, perhaps the visiting firemen or the iceman can—"

"Look, Linscott," Spike interrupted; "I've got work to do."

THE apartment had three rooms—bedroom, living room, kitchen, and foyer. It didn't take long, because the searcher, to be quite frank, wasn't very thorough. The dresser drawers and the closet, for example, received only a cursory glance. The desk was subjected to a somewhat more searching inquiry and the contents of the wastebasket were scrutinized carefully.

Linscott looked on with an amused smile. Finally Spike straightened up, dusted off his hands. "Well," he said, "I guess that's that. You know, Linscott, I could do with a drink or two."

"Right ho!" Linscott disappeared into the kitchen.

When the door closed behind him, Spike darted to the desk, snatched up a letter lying on the blotter and the addressed envelope beside it, and put them in his pocket. When Linscott returned, he was sprawled in a chair on the other side of the room, looking out over the neighboring housetops.

"One more thing," Spike said as they sipped their drinks. "You said that on Friday night you went to the movies to see Donald Derr in The Sea Rogue. Mind telling me what the picture was about?"

"Sure." Linscott settled back easily and began to talk. "Derr's supposed to be the son of some English duke. . . . Runs away to sea. . . . taken prisoner by pirates . . . jumps from the rigging of the burning vessel into the sea . . ."

All very nice. Just like it was in Film Stories.

They said good-by on the best of terms, Spike and Linscott. Both of them felt satisfied. Spike especially. He took time off for a large lunch with much beer and a nap afterward. And as the nap lasted until well after four he was late getting to Headquarters.

WHAT'S new?" Herschman demanded when he arrived.

"First of all, neither Linscott nor Worts owns a chess set. So Linscott's talk about playing chess with Worts sounds phony. To play chess you've got to have chessmen. Interesting.

"Point two is that Linscott knows all about The Sea Rogue, but I've an idea he got it out of a magazine and not out of the movie. But, of course, that's not certain.

"The garage where he keeps his car notes when a car is checked out and in. The record checks perfectly with Linscott's statements. On Tuesday he took the car out at three in the afternoon and brought it back at one thirty A. M. On Thursday he took it out at 8 P. M. and brought it back at twelve fifty. On Friday he went out with it at seven fifteen and came back at twelve thirty.

"Now tell me something, Inspector. Certain tire marks were found in the soft earth of the alley where Worts' body was discovered?"

Herschman nodded.

"And casts were made of them?"

"Of course."

"So what did the casts show?"

"Three different tire imprints. Some wide ones from a Mack truck, and two different kinds from a light car—Kelly-Springfield diamond tread and Michelin double cord."

Spike grinned with satisfaction. "Very nice. Very, very nice. I wonder if it's just coincidence that the car belonging to Mr. Jeffrey Linscott carries Kelly-Springfields on the two rear tires and the right front, and a Michelin double cord on the left front."

"Might be," Herschman said; "but so far everything you've dug up is circumstantial."

"Granted. But this isn't." Spike reached into his pocket and drew out a letter and the envelope that went with it and handed them to Herschman. "I took this from Linscott's desk. It's apparently a letter he had just finished. He'd addressed the envelope but hadn't posted it yet."

Hershman read the note.

Dear Phil—Awfully sorry you won't be home Friday, as I was counting on

His owner uses the "minute-a-week" Pulvex Method that quickly kills a dog's fleas and then absolutely protects him against reinfestation

FLEAS AND LICE can transmit tapeworms and sarcoptic mange to a dog. That is the warning of the U. S. Department of Agriculture Circular No. 338.

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a game Friday P. M. However, we'll have to make it up on Saturday. I'll drive down Saturday A. M. and bring Lillian with me. We ought to have a pleasant week-end. Yours—JEFF.

Herschman sprang up and crossed to the safe on the opposite side of his office. He twiddled the dial and the door swung open. He took out an envelope and brought it over and laid it beside the letter. It was the envelope they had found in the Dubonnet cottage, addressed to Adrienne Cachin.

"IT'S the same handwriting." There was an excited tone in Herschman's voice.

"Yeah. Jeffrey Linscott wrote Adrienne Cachin a letter on Thursday—the night Worts was killed. It's postmarked 12.30 A. M. Twenty-four hours later she was dead too. I've got a theory: For years this guy Linscott is tied up with Moira Ballinger. Then he meets the Gillespie girl and decides that here's a richer pasture. And so he goes on Tuesday afternoon to tell Mattie that all is over between them. He doesn't relish the job. Mattie is the kind of woman who makes scenes. When he arrives Mrs. Talman is there and for a little while he is reprieved. Finally she goes and he faces it. He tells Mattie he's going to marry the Dough Face. And there's a scene. Mattie plays her ace in the hole."

"What's that?"

"I dunno. I don't imagine Linscott knew she even had one until she sprang it on him. Suppose it was something that was a big surprise to him, some Shady Spot in his past that he thought was buried. But Mattie has dug it up, and now she threatens him with it if he goes ahead with *l'affaire* Gillespie.

"He thinks she's bluffing. He says what proof has she got? She says, 'Plenty.' She doesn't explain. She doesn't elaborate. He laughs and maybe this makes her mad. She—yes that's it—she goes to the telephone — no, she sends Adrienne Cachin to the telephone to call Worts and make a date for the next morning.

"Linscott leaves, but he comes back again later that night and kills her, hunts through the dresser drawers trying to find the proof she was threatening him with. He can't find it. Before he leaves he wipes off all his fingerprints—and those of every one else too, of course. Then he fixes the gun to make it look like suicide."

"But that Gillespie dame and what she says—" Herschman interrupted in protest. "She says on Tuesday night he was with her until after twelve."

"Aw, nuts! That dame's so dumb she probably can't even tell time. She's been coached, I tell you, and give me ten minutes with her and I'll break her story wide open. So let's forget her for the time being. Where was I? Yeah, Linscott kills Mattie.

"But he knows he still has Worts to deal with. Worts and the maid Adrienne too. She's been with Mrs. Ballinger for twenty-two years, her personal maid, probably privy to all her secrets. Maybe she knows about the Shady Spot in Linscott's past, too. So there are two people standing between him and safety.

"On Tuesday night, the night Moira Ballinger was killed, Worts went to see Linscott. I'd guess that it was to make some kind of deal with Linscott. 'Give me such-and-such money and I'll hand over the proof Mattie is threatening you with,' or some such neat bit of blackmail. Remember, the firm of Ballinger & McCullough that Worts was interested in needed money, and needed it bad.

"But Linscott isn't home Tuesday night when Worts comes. He's calling on his fiancée, or so he says. Then Moira Ballinger is killed. Worts suspects Linscott, so the night *after* the murder he goes to see him again, maybe to raise the ante this time. But he finds himself tailed. So he ducks into a telephone booth and makes a date with Linscott for the following night—Thursday. Thursday night he dodges the guy that's tailing him and meets Linscott at some place they've agreed on over the telephone.

"But Linscott doesn't agree right away to kick in. This makes Worts mad, so just to scare Linscott he calls you up and makes a date for the following day. It scares Linscott, all right, but the results are not what Worts expects. Instead of kicking in, Linscott hits out—probably with a blunt instrument right on the back of the head. Then he lays the body out and runs over it to make it look like a hit-and-run job."

HERSCHMAN was excited. So was Spike as he went on:

"Now there's only one person left. Adrienne Cachin. Linscott knows that she, like Worts, is being watched. So he doesn't go to her house, or even telephone. He writes her a letter and tells her to meet him at a spot he designates, but to approach it by a circuitous route which he outlines.

"Now Adrienne Cachin, as I figure it, is used to clandestine meetings with Linscott. Having known all these years of the Shady Spot, she has been systematically blackmailing him, and has piled up a tidy little bank account doing it. She doesn't see anything strange in the elaborate directions he gives in the letter, because she probably knows she is being watched by the police.

"Linscott was waiting in an alley along the line of march, and when Foster, who was trailing Adrienne, came by, he beaned him. Then he probably got Adrienne in his car on a pretext of wanting to talk to her, took her up along a deserted piece of the Palisades, whanged her on the back of the head as he did Worts, and then toppled her over the cliff to make it look like an accident. *Voilà!*"

The inspector had risen and darted to the safe. He came back bearing a small green metal box. "Here's your Shady Spot," he said, and took something from the box and pushed it into Spike's hands.

It was a little bundle of checks. They were signed with the name of Moira Ballinger and dated over a period of five years. They were in amounts varying from $100 to $1,200. They were made out to Jeffrey Linscott.

"We found 'em in the Ballinger lockbox at the bank—the one Worts had the key to. I thought it was funny—keeping canceled checks in a lockbox, so I had 'em examined by experts. They're all forged."

SPIKE stood there, holding the checks in his hand, as the inspector's words repeated themselves in his mind . . . *all forged.* . . .

Suddenly clear light illuminated all the dark corners of the strange trail of death that had started with the murder of Prentice Ballinger twenty years before.

Twenty-five years ago Moira Ballinger, beautiful, restless, and young, with a husband twice her age. The first excitement of a millionaire marriage over. The first grand spending spree beginning to pall. The novelty gone even from the first baby.

And then—Jeffrey Linscott—*young* Jeffrey Linscott. Her own age, her own kind—restless, extravagant, demanding, unstable, unscrupulous. The inevitable *affaire.* The discovery by the outraged husband. The threat to cut off the golden stream that had made possible the mad extravagances of the five years of her married life.

Every one had believed that the death of Prentice Ballinger was suicide—every one but Worts and Pennypacker. Worts had been "sweet on Momma." If he didn't exactly mount the scaffold for her, he had at least kept her lover from mounting it. "The police were persuaded not to pursue the inquiry too diligently" . . . Pennypacker's words came back to him now. . . . "Persuaded by James P. Worts." And so the case was dropped and Moira Ballinger had her cake and ate it too.

But as the years rolled on Jeffrey Linscott dipped freely into Moira Ballinger's riches; and even doting Moira, slavish in her passion for the gay indifferent Linscott, was not entirely of endless patience. Occasionally he had found himself short.

The first check had probably been hard—hard both technically and temperamentally. He was no more a congenital forger than he was a congenital murderer. He was just weak, with a yen for luxury.

Spike looked at the checks in his hand. The first had been a modest one—only $100, five years before; the last one, six months previously, had been for $500.

Easy to imagine Linscott's reasoning. Moira, erratic, extravagant, writing checks right and left, never taking the trouble to fill out a counterfoil to keep track of a bank balance.

Easy to slip in a few phonies. She'd never know.

And probably she wouldn't have. But there was Worts, retaining, perhaps more through constant repetition than anything else, the habit of watching over her.

Yes, that was it! Worts it was who had discovered the checks, who had revealed their falseness to Moira Ballinger. Those forgeries were a weapon in her hand. Yet a weapon to be used only in some supreme moment of desperation. And so she had kept it in reserve, waiting for that moment, yet hoping that it would never come.

But it had come—on Tuesday afternoon when Linscott had told her that he was going to marry another woman.

Spike handed the bundle of checks back to Herschman. "Listen, Inspector. The one thing in the world that Linscott fears most is knowledge of those checks. Because Worts knew about them he was killed. And because Adrienne Cachin knew about them she was killed. He doesn't fear the murder of Prentice Ballinger or the murder of Moira Ballinger. He's got the perfect alibi for both of them. Just another one of those little coincidences. Now, then, I want to invite Mr. Jeffrey Linscott to come and kill me. Invitation will be by telephone instead of engraved card." He reached for the telephone.

Herschman grabbed his hand. "What is this monkey business?"

"Don't worry. I don't really intend to submit to murder. The idea is this . . ." And he explained it briefly.

At first Herschman was dubious, but finally he consented. In a few minutes Spike had the apartment at West End Avenue on the wire.

"Look, Linscott. I'm calling from a booth. I've just been down to Headquarters, opening up the Ballinger lockbox. . . . Yeah, the inspector turned the case over to me and I'm handling it on my own. Found something pretty interesting. . . . No, no jewels. . . . Just a small bundle of checks. . . . Yeah. . . . No . . . . Oh, I dunno. Just thought you might like to drop over by my place tonight. I'm taking them home with me. Maybe—maybe we could talk things over. Sure. . . . The address is . . ."

THE clock struck ten and Pug poured himself a fresh drink. "That closet," he said, "is going to be hot."

Spike shrugged. "Well, then, why not go to the movies?"

Pug considered this soberly, but finally rejected the suggestion. "No; I guess I'll stick around even if I do have to do it in a suffocating cubbyhole."

He put down his glass and picked up the service revolver on the table between them. He tested the mechanism and made sure it was loaded.

"But remember," Spike cautioned —"no fireworks until he starts something first."

A bell rang. Both of them jumped. Spike motioned imperatively toward the closet off the living room, and Pug grabbed the gun from the table and disappeared. Spike crossed the foyer and opened the door.

It was a man and a woman and they wanted to know whether this was the Forsythe apartment. Spike felt a sudden loosening of taut nerves and directed them two flights up.

"False alarm," he said, opening the door to the closet.

They waited.

Spike paced the floor and Pug fiddled with the gun. Spike looked at his watch. Eleven o'clock.

"What the hell?" He snatched up the telephone, called Linscott's apartment. No answer. "He's probably on his way."

HE waited twenty minutes. Then he called the operator at the West End Avenue switchboard and talked to the detective on duty. No, Linscott hadn't gone out.

Spike hung up. He stood there, frowning. Then suddenly he grabbed his hat, reached for the gun Pug was fiddling with, and was gone, slamming the door behind him.

At West End Avenue he snapped orders to the telephone operator, to the two detectives, to the superintendent who appeared. But he let only the super with the key accompany him upstairs. And once the door to the Linscott apartment was opened, he shut out even the super.

There was no illumination in the foyer, nor in the living room, nor in any room of the apartment. But beyond the bedroom there was a faint pencil of light under a door. He made straight for it, flung it open.

He stooped quickly and lifted the figure that had crumpled on the bathroom floor. Jeffrey Linscott was a tall fellow but soft. Spike stumbled through the door toward the couch in the living room. He laid his burden down, switched on the lights. He felt for a pulse—felt for it at the temple; for the wrists had deep bloody gashes.

Alive! Still breathing!

It was just as he reached for the telephone that he heard the sound behind him. He whirled.

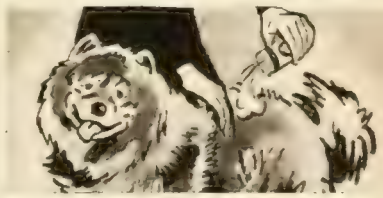
There on the other side of the room, by the disordered desk, a boy—fourteen or fifteen—clothes a little too big—a cap with pulled-down visor. Hands clutching at throat—eyes staring wildly at the figure on the couch —a scream quickly stifled.

Spike sprang across the room and jerked off the cap. Fair disheveled hair fell about the shoulders. It wasn't a boy.

It was Patricia Ballinger.

Is Jeffrey Linscott's attempt at suicide a confession of guilt? Did those check stubs discovered by Moira Ballinger result in her death? Why is Patricia disguised as a boy in the desperate Jeffrey's room? The complications and revelations in next week's Liberty will simply astound you! Reserve your copy now.

They came early this year. One flea led to another, and they were everywhere. I was Home, Sweet Home for the fleas! Then they spread to my bed, the rugs, and finally the Mistress started scratching. Things began to happen. We got after them with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA POWDER!



First we got mine. As SKIP-FLEA went on, the fleas gave up. It sure kills 'em! Then the rugs and my bed got Sergeant's Pine Oil Disinfectant — more fleas quit! Get SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder at drug and pet stores — and the *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK. (Or mail coupon below.)

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PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:
People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

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a game F have **MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?**

CRIME QUIZ

By

By J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

1—Have any two persons ever been found with identical fingerprints?

2—What system of classification of fingerprints is most generally used in the United States?

3—Where is the world's largest collection of fingerprints?

4—What percentage of criminals fingerprinted is found, on checking, to have prior criminal records?

5—Do fingerprints ever change?

6—Is it possible to identify an individual from the finger impressions of a single finger?

7—Is it possible to alter fingerprints by physical means?

8—Do law-enforcement officers in foreign countries co-operate in the exchange of criminal data with law-enforcement officers in this country?

9—Is it possible to ascertain the race of a criminal from a bloodstain?

10—Is it possible to definitely establish that a bullet has been fired from a particular gun?

11—What is the estimated annual cost of crime in the United States?

12—Is it possible to determine whether a person found dead in a fire was alive during the fire or placed there after death?

13—Where is the largest crime-detection laboratory in the world?

14—Who is "Oscar"?

15—What is the motto signified by the letters F B I?

16—Approximately how many serious crimes were committed in the United States during 1939?

17—In an average 100 murders, how many are followed by the arrest of the offenders?

18—What proportion of persons charged with murder are found guilty?

19—How often do murders, robberies, and burglaries occur in the United States?

20—Are more burglaries committed during the night than during the day?

21—Are homes burglarized more often than nonresidence structures?

22—What is the average value of property stolen in offenses of burglary and robbery?

23—Out of every 100 automobiles stolen, how many are recovered?

24—What age group predominates in the frequency of arrests?

25—What percentage of persons arrested and fingerprinted in the United States are women?

26—Are the crimes committed by women more serious generally than those committed by men?

27—What percentage of crime is committed by juveniles?

28—On an average, how many police officers protect the lives of each 1,000 citizens residing in cities in the United States?

29—What notorious criminals of recent years were known as "Pretty Boy" and "Baby Face"?

30—Name a President of the United States who had previously served as a sheriff.

31—What constitutes the crime of espionage in the United States?

32—What notorious woman criminal raised her four sons to be gangsters and was killed with one of them while resisting arrest near Oklawaha, Florida, January 16, 1935?

33—Which state was the first to have a state police organization?

34—What is the first thing a confidence man endeavors to do in perpetrating a swindle?

35—Name the only crime defined in the Constitution of the United States at the time of its adoption.

36—During the Middle Ages in Europe, what was most frequently the last request of a man condemned to hang?

37—Has bank robbery decreased or increased during the past six years?

38—What is the significance of National 7117?

39—Name the victims of the two unsolved federal kidnapings.

40—Were fingerprints first used for criminal or civil identification?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

The dramatic story of Gabriel Heatter's success in radioland

THE MAN WHO TALKED HIMSELF FAMOUS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ON April 3, 1936, I sat at dinner, a guest, with a group of America's most distinguished men—writers, artists, publishers, and what have you. At eight fifty-two that evening the loud-speaker announced that a certain man was dead, and the company burst incontinently into cheers.

I mention this, not in criticism of either hosts or fellow guests, and certainly not in defense of the man who died—his name was Bruno Richard Hauptmann—but to show the state of mind of even the more literate Americans, at that time, in regard to the Lindbergh kidnap mystery.

As the diners cheered and the lifeless body slumped, shriveled and burned, in the death-house chair, a tall, kindly, distinguished-looking man, who had been talking steadily through a microphone for fifty-two minutes, collapsed in quite a different chair.

And with reason. The execution, which he had gone on the air to announce at eight o'clock, had been delayed without explanation until eight fifty-two. Under a tension exhausting to his listeners and devastating to him, he had made successfully the longest one-man wholly scriptless and wholly inspired broadcast in the history of radio.

For fifteen months, from the first day of Hauptmann's trial, the man at the microphone had been doing a consistent, intelligent, impartial job of master reporting. And now, on the night of climax, while the fate which had been hanging over the accused man hesitated and delayed, this comparatively unknown broadcaster, Gabriel Heatter, had held waiting millions under the spell of his magnetic voice and his alert, exciting mind.

As a result of that one broadcast, more than 45,000 letters, wires, and telephone calls poured in from all sections of the country to commend Heatter. One wire was signed by Hendrik van Loon, another by Dorothy Thompson. There were wires from senators and representatives, a telephone call from a governor. In less than an hour, Gabriel Heatter had talked himself into fame.

If he had not been too tired to think, the master broadcaster would have recalled, with grim satisfaction, that night eight years before when, after a "sneak" audition at a small Brooklyn broadcasting station, the studio manager had breezed up to him full of perfunctory sympathy.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said, "but you'll never do for radio. Your voice is too gruff."

Away back in 1906, young Gabe Heatter left high school to become a copy boy on the Brooklyn Times-Union. Newspaper business was then his passion. So when William Randolph Hearst ran for governor of New York State, Gabe enthusiastically espoused his cause in the role of boy orator, and made such a hit that the political managers used him regularly to pull in the crowds. At the time, Master Gabriel still wore short pants.

In spite of his best oratorical efforts, Hearst didn't get elected. But on one occasion when Hearst was late in arriving at a rally, and the boy wonder was filling in and talking *ad lib.* against time, it fell to his lot to introduce the would-be governor to the crowd. Hearst was so impressed that he took the thirteen-year-old orator with him on a stumping tour

of several weeks, and later gave him a much needed job.

As everybody knows — at least, everybody who listens to Heatter Tuesday evenings on the We, the People program, and Thursday and Saturday evenings as commentator on news events for Liberty—and who doesn't?—Gabriel has long since dug himself out of the mire of political partisanship. But his early experience as a platform speaker undoubtedly helped him to cultivate and manage that rich, mellow, natural, and decidedly *not* gruff voice.

After serving an apprenticeship as a copy boy, the youthful Gabe became a full-fledged reporter and was assigned to the courts, to City Hall, and to cover news at Albany. Upon his return to a New York beat, he managed to arrange with the city editor so that he could attend law classes at New York University. After two years he was graduated from law school in a class which included another smart boy named Fiorello H. LaGuardia. Obliged by the need of earning a living to postpone entering practice, he did a "trick" with the New York Journal, and subsequently became a European correspondent for the old New York Tribune.

AFTER some time spent in London and Paris, he returned to try his hand at free-lance writing. He was immediately successful. One of his articles, Children of the Crucible, which dealt with New York's lower East Side, received the Pictorial Review Award of the year. And Gabe's stuff—every word of which he still writes himself—still reads just as well as it talks.

A devoted husband and father, he has two children, a daughter, Maida, who was married recently, and a son, Bud, who is a free-lance writer. Two of his hobbies are dogs and fishing. Another is strictly a carry-over from his writing days. He still retains the editorship, which he has held for years, of The Shaft, an organ of the steel industry.

His entry into radio was a direct result of his free-lance writing. One of his articles was part of a debate in The Nation magazine in which he took the opposite view from Norman Thomas, the Socialist. Donald Flamm, president of Station WMCA in New York, read it and asked him to deliver it on the air. He did; and before he had left the studio Flamm had signed him up as a regular news commentator.

Flamm personally worked with him in developing the technique which is so common today—*interpretation* of the news. Previous to Heatter's entry into the field, broadcasters merely read the bulletins as they came over the news ticker, and let it go at that. News-interpretation broadcasting is much more enjoyable and has contributed vastly to our understanding of swiftly moving world events.

Heatter hasn't missed a broadcast in eleven years. For six years now he has been on the air five nights a week, fifty-two weeks a year. For the last three years he has been conductor of the We, the People program, which he has built up until it is one of the most popular features on the air. And every Liberty reader should know by now the splendid job he is doing on the Liberty news program.

He is admired and respected for many a notable performance on the air since he found himself famous as the man who held the bridge for radio the night Richard Hauptmann was executed. Indeed, that climactic broadcast was but the peak hour of an even more praiseworthy fifteen-months performance of coolheaded, impartial reporting, done in a situation that made such reporting all but impossible.

WHEN George W. Johnstone, who was then director of special features for Station WOR of the Mutual chain, conceived the idea of having a radio commentator cover the Hauptmann trial, he looked over WOR's staff of commentators and selected Heatter because of his newspaper training. Johnstone obtained permission to set up a microphone across the street from the courthouse, on the second floor of an old building, and arranged for Heatter to broadcast two fifteen-minute summaries a day.

At the time, Gabe Heatter was just one of several sustaining news commentators on WOR. So when Johnstone approached him, his first question, naturally enough, was:

"How much am I going to be paid for it?"

"That's where the rub comes in, Gabe," Johnstone replied. "The wire line charge from Flemington has taken every bit of my special features allotment for the next two months, and about the only things I can see for you are meals and hotel expenses."

Heatter did not hesitate. "I'll take it," he said.

Now what was the situation into which this unknown and unpaid soldier precipitously charged?

Flemington, a quiet Jersey county seat of some three thousand population, had suddenly swollen to a population of thirty-five thousand, augmented during every waking hour. These people had come to make a Roman holiday of the trial. Not one per cent of them entertained a single doubt as to the guilt of the accused. Broadcasters could not help feeling the influence of all this. Their broadcasts—all save Heatter's—were the best evidence that they did feel it.

First of all, there was the Lindbergh influence, which in 1935 was immeasurably greater than it is now. Day in and day out, every hour the Colonel sat there, prominently in the enclosure, directly facing the jury.

Then there was the atmosphere created by the state's treatment of the prisoner in the Flemington jail. Hauptmann, no matter what people felt about his guilt or innocence, was a model prisoner in an escape-proof jail. Yet around him at all times there was a seventeen-man guard. The cost to the State of New Jersey was approximately $30,000, and later, after he had been taken to the death house at Trenton, all such theatrical trappings were dispensed with.

Finally, there was the nation-wide publicity campaign waged so assiduously by the state authorities both before and during the trial, apparently to create in the public's mind a preconceived notion that the prisoner was guilty. No wonder he was continually referred to by writers and broadcasters as the "criminal," as if he had already been convicted, and was so considered by the great majority of people, including quite obviously those five hundred ladies and gentlemen of the radio and press who had ringside seats!

In this company of wishful thinkers, one man kept his head. That man was Gabriel Heatter.

Heatter may have believed that Hauptmann was guilty as charged. Nothing that he said on the air was to be interpreted as a defense of the prisoner at the bar. But, by the same token, nothing that he said could be interpreted as prejudicing the fate of the prisoner.

In brief, Gabriel Heatter proved himself, in a phenomenal ordeal, a *real reporter.*

Only after that job was done came the grimmest of the many grim nights in this story. What a night it was! Heatter went on the air at eight o'clock. He had been tipped off by a high authority that Hauptmann was to be executed at eight five. The minutes ticked by. Patiently he waited for his "flash." But no flash came—just the stark command:

"Keep on talking."

THEN from the amazing storehouse of one man's mind came a spontaneous flow of comment and information on the whole Lindbergh case. The listening world was held spellbound. Not once did he indulge in cheap sensationalism. Every few moments he would pause to wonder aloud what was happening: "It's eight fourteen and he hasn't gone. Until word comes there is little we can do but wait. Tonight time is standing still in that death chamber."

As the moments passed and the signal did not arrive, he laced his talk with an authoritative week-to-week résumé of the whole case.

Now and again he interrupted his story to describe the milling crowds that surrounded the death house, relayed the shouts of some one in the throng: "He won't be killed!" or "He'll die, just as that baby did!"

At eight fifty-two his voice quickened, became even more tense.

"There is a commotion at the prison door," he said—then paused, and in a voice the very flatness of which was surcharged with emotion, added: "Hauptmann has been executed. Good night!"

THE END

John Shelton and Lana Turner in We Who Are Young, a story of love in a great city.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

HAZARDS ON THE HIGHWAYS

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★½ THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Ann Sheridan, Ida Lupino, Humphrey Bogart, Gale Page, Alan Hale, Roscoe Karns, John Litel, George Tobias, Charles Halton, Paul Hurst, John Ridgely, George Lloyd, Joyce Compton, Charles Wilson, Pedro Regas. Screen play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay, based on a novel by A. I. Bezzerides. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 95 minutes.

THIS melodrama of the caravans that ride our national highways by night not only is fast-moving and exciting; it possesses a curiously tangy, grimy realism. Some of this comes from the authentic quality of George Raft's and Humphrey Bogart's performances as the two Fabrini brothers, free-lance truckers trying to dodge loan sharks seeking to repossess their battered machine while they struggle to build a business of their own. Mostly it comes from the vitality, the saltiness, the grease-and-grime quality of the gusty dialogue.

Paul Fabrini has a wife who waits at home, haunted by nightmares of road disasters. Joe picks up a flip penniless hitchhiking waitress and falls in love with her. Worn out and sleepy, they drive off the road at night. Paul loses an arm. Then the shoddy faithless little wife of the man who next employs Joe murders her drunken husband that she may share the business with Joe. When she finds that she can't get him that way, she confesses the killing, names Joe as her accomplice, and the two go on trial for murder.

The story becomes theatric; owes its vigor to its graphic picturing of the hardy night riders who bring a great city's produce to market. Raft and, in a lesser way, Bogart make these muddy adventurers of the highway human and genuine; Ann Sheridan's little waitress is wise and sympathetic; even better is an electric, haunted outburst of Ida Lupino on the witness stand as the wife gone mad under cross-questioning. The whole cast, in fact, is authentically real.

A tribute, in passing, to director Raoul Walsh, to the lads who have written the most earthy dialogue to yet escape the Hays moral chloroform, to a dialogue director named Hugh MacMullan who must have helped a lot. The screen never has been nearer life than in the all-night quick-lunch shacks along the highway ridden by the Fabrinis.

VITAL STATISTICS: George Raft insists he wants to quit in two years to be a producer. Five more pictures, and then . . . George already owns one untitled story property he intends to film. Between scenes George taught his pal, Gary Cooper, how to throw a baseball curve. In return for Cooper teaching Georgie how to play tennis. Frank Capra was using the Warner lot for making The Life of John Doe, which stars Cooper. During his varied career Raft has been a prizefighter, a dancer, and a ballplayer. In fact his first taste of Hollywood was as "the kid with the fastest feet in New York," brought out to teach Loretta Young how to do the Charleston for a film called Taxi. Date, 1932. A few years ago, too, he volunteered to help young Bill Holden with his ring technique in Golden Boy. Speaking of Gary, Raft is thinking of going to South America on a jaguar hunt with the lanky star. Destination, the Matto Grosso wilds in southwest Brazil. . . . Recently Roscoe Karns flew to Las Vegas, New Mexico, with his wife to celebrate his twentieth wedding anniversary. Edmund Lowe, who was his best man, flew along to chaperon the Karnses. . . . Humphrey Bogart has been thinking of buying the unfinished castle at the top of Mullholland Drive in the Hollywood hills which Lon Chaney started to build just before he died. Foundations and

The screen comes close to life in a gusty melodrama of our caravans of the night

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retaining walls still stand. . . . Since George Brent invested in a Hawaiian pineapple plantation, Ann Sheridan and her friend, Ida Lupino, have taken options on a 2,000-acre plantation in the Pacific isle. Friendship of Ida and Ann dates back to when they appeared together in a contest film, Search for Beauty.

★★½ I MARRIED ADVENTURE

Based on Osa Johnson's I Married Adventure. Edited by Ralph Dixon. Narrative written by Don Clark and Albert Duffy. Narrator, Jim Bannon. Presented by Columbia. Running time, 78 minutes.

NEARLY thirty years ago a Kansas boy and girl started off on a strange career of adventure. Martin Elmer Johnson had made a fantastic trip into the South Seas with Jack London on the Snark, had come back to run a little cinema at Independence, Kansas. But Johnson couldn't stay put long. He fell in love with sixteen-year-old Osa Helen Leighty of Chanute, a girl who had been raised in the ways of a small-town household. She had been taught the simple things of cooking and sewing—but soon she was off in quest of adventure with her young husband. For years they roamed the remote places, filming their experiences. They did the South Seas, Borneo, Africa, rambled with their cameras in motorcars, in boats, flew over the jungles. This partnership was broken in 1937, when Johnson was killed in a cross-country plane crash near Los Angeles. Osa lived to continue the job of filming the far places.

Here you have the high spots in the Johnson life tapestry of adventure, of two people who made their dreams come true before a background of cannibals, head-hunters, Pygmies, all the wild life of the water holes, the veld, and the tropical jungle.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Johnsons met in 1910, married. Their ceaseless safari started with a trip to the New Hebrides. In 1919 they went to Borneo; in 1921 to Africa. This film, it is claimed, was selected after Osa Johnson had scanned more than 1,000,000 feet of film. Shows gorillas in close-up, charging rhinos, fierce jungle battles, odd birds. Thrills are authentic, it is insisted. . . . Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas once paid the Johnsons a tribute on the floor of the United States Senate. The present King and Queen of England, at that time the Duke and Duchess of York, once had tea in the African wilds with Osa. . . . Mrs. Johnson declares she always took a trunk of nice clothes on safari. Items included slacks and shorts in soft blended colors, blue satin pajamas for the evening, sweaters, sandals. In the jungle she always creams her face at night, puts up her hair.

★★½ WE WHO ARE YOUNG

THE PLAYERS: Lana Turner, John Shelton, Gene Lockhart, Grant Mitchell, Henry Armetta, Jonathan Hale, Clarence Wilson, Ian Wolfe, Hal K. Dawson, John Butler, Irene Seidner, Charles Lane, Horace MacMahon. Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 80 minutes.

JUST the story of a boy and a girl who fall in love and get married. About them move the machinery and the humanity of a great city. Overnight responsibilities settle in upon the two. Colliding with the "no marriage" rule of her concern, the young wife loses her job. Then, when a baby impends, the boy borrows money from a loan house. In no time he is head over heels in debt, his salary is attached, his half-paid-for furniture is seized, his job is gone.

Director Harold Bucquet tells all this in the new screen manner. You hear the harassed, worried inner thoughts of the two principal protagonists in this story of the everyday, as starvation and disaster lurk outside the door of their empty bleak little flat. It isn't a pleasant story but it is done effectively by John Shelton as the boy, fairly well by Lana Turner, *sans* college-campus lure, as the girl. Possibly there is too much of confiding, wide-eyed, right into the cameras, but that is part of the Bucquet style of unfolding a screen drama. All this is stylized perhaps, but there are arresting moments, thanks to young Shelton. Carries a sociological slow-paced message, if you're interested.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

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DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
Baltimore . . .	WBAL 8:00 E.S.T.	Los Angeles . .	KHJ 7:30 P.S.T
Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 9:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo . . .	WGR 10:00 E.D.T.	New York . .	WOR 9:00 E.D.T.
Chicago . . .	WGN 8:00 C.D.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.D.T.
Cleveland . .	WHK 8:00 E.S.T.	San Diego . .	KGB 7:30 P.S.T.
Detroit . . .	WXYZ 8:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco	KFRC 7:30 P.S.T.
	St. Louis . .	KWK 7:00 C.S.T.	

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath.

★★★½—The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm, Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage.

★★★—Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird.

READING TIME ● ONE HOUR

WORD MAZE

By Harold Hart

There are at least seven articles of furniture in this maze. Can you find them? Begin in any square you choose and move in any direction from one square to another until you have completed a word. You may not jump a square nor enter the same square twice while forming any single word.

D	W	L	T	O
B	E	H	T	N
N	C	A	I	E
K	R	B	S	S

(The seven words will be found on page 55)

3 GUESSES

WORDS—Their SOUND SENSE SOURCE

Sound

GUESS: The preferable pronunciation of CACOPHONY, which comes from the Greek; means harsh sound, discord.

Sense

GUESS: What was the original meaning of SLAVE?

Source

GUESS: Why is a gathering of notables often referred to as a GALAXY?

(The answers will be found on page 55)

PUZZLE POEM

By Clare W. Harris

Each of the four missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

The - - - - had - - - - the beds and turned
To other duties of the day.
Her - - - - cheese must now be churned
And - - - - be brewed for evening play.

(The solutions will appear on page 55)

MY NEIGHBOR PANCHO VILLA

A TRUE TWO-MINUTE STORY

SOME years ago I gave $20,000 in gold to President Diaz of Mexico for a 99-year lease on a Spanish grant, situated on the Yaqui River in Sonora, where I lived for eight years.

The first thing I did was to post notices that no Mexicans were allowed on this grant. The only employees on this ranch were Yaqui Indians. Shortly after, I had a visitor. He came riding in alone on horseback, with both hands in the air. He said he was Pancho Villa, and I invited him to stay a while. The first thing he said was that he was a neighbor and he wanted to be friendly. I told him that I felt the same, and in all the years that I lived there I could not have wanted a better neighbor. After all the stories I had read about him being such a drunkard, I was much surprised, when I offered him a drink, when he said that the strongest thing he ever drank was ginger ale.

Several months later I happened to be in Hermosillo and everybody began to get excited. I asked the reason, and they said that Pancho Villa was in town. I looked out the door of the cantina, and saw about twenty men riding into town. They rode up to a large store, and Villa dismounted and went in. He ordered a big bill of goods, to be packed so they could be carried on pack horses. Then he left the store and went into the bank, with his hat under his arm. He went up to the window and asked for a few pesos. When he got his hat full, he went out to the street and threw the pesos away by the handful, and laughed at the peons scrambling for them. When the goods he ordered was on the pack horses, he took his men into the cantina, and in Spanish told them that they could each have one drink and no more. Then they mounted their horses and rode away, yelling like Indians. Thus ended Villa's raid on Hermosillo, and not a shot was fired.

Villa was undoubtedly a bandit, but after living near him for eight years I came to the conclusion that he was not as black as he was painted. He was a Robin Hood who robbed the rich and gave the money to the poor.

At the time he was accused of making a raid on Columbus, New Mexico, he was on his own ranch, attending to his own business. The raid at Columbus was staged by outlaws from the United States; I could name a half dozen of them. There are plenty of men in Texas who knew them better than I did. Pancho often said that the only town in the United States that he had ever been in was El Paso, Texas. He also said that when he was in El Paso he was offered a fortune by representatives of oil and mining interests, to do anything he could to start a war between the United States and Mexico.

At the time that General Pershing made his famous trip to Sonora, hunting for Pancho Villa, he (Villa) was right in Sonora where he belonged, and was not in hiding, either.

Howard Morton.

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a sufficiently stamped, properly self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

GEOGRAMS

What two state capitals are represented in the picture? Name the states of which they are the capitals.

(The answers will be found on page 55)

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **THE NEW NOAH'S ARK** by Andre Demaison; translation by Eric Sutton. The Macmillan Company.

The charming and absorbing account of a young man in an old schooner, cruising down the coast of Africa to buy wild animals. Full measure of adventure, and fascinating pictures of the friends he found among beasts and men.

The Flag

LIBERTY'S Short Short

BY PHILIP KETCHUM

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE minute I came in, Jimmy said, "Pops, can I have a dime to buy a flag?" He said, "Gee, Pops, we got a swell place for a flag in the front yard. All the kids are getting them."

Myrt showed up at the kitchen door looking tired and worried, and I said, "Beat it, Jimmy. Go on and find something to do."

"Can I have a dime, Pops?" Jimmy insisted.

"No, you can't have a dime," I said sharply. "Don't you know I haven't been working for almost a month?"

Myrt wiped her hands on her apron and her face tightened up a little. "Then the committee hasn't reached any decision," she said quietly. "I had hoped that with the government taking a hand—"

"What can a potbellied politician from Washington do to help settle things?" I flared. "We'd be better off if we had stayed away."

"But on account of the national defense program I thought—"

"National defense, nothing," I shot back. "What have we got to worry about over here?"

Jimmy was frowning at me. Jimmy's eight and sometimes he can be as stubborn as they come. He said, "All right, Pops. If I can't have a dime to buy a flag I can make one."

"Sure," I told him. "Go ahead an' make one. Make half a dozen."

Jimmy marched out of the room, and Myrt said, "You could have been a little kinder to him, Jim."

I didn't say anything. I walked over to the davenport and sat down. I felt pretty low. This was the fourth week of the strike and we didn't seem to be getting any place. Joe Hollenbeck, who had come to work on the station next to me just a little while before the strike started, but who seemed like a right guy and who had loaned me a double sawbuck the day before, had hinted this morning that it wouldn't be long before the company would be brought to terms. I wasn't quite so sure of that, however. A lot of people, like Myrt, blamed us men for the strike and were unsympathetic toward us on account of all the national defense propaganda and because the Waincraft Corporation manufactured airplane engines.

Myrt sat down with her mending. I didn't want to stay in the same room with her and listen to her spout off about what she thought my duty was and about how she didn't like Joe Hollenbeck. So I said, "I think I'll take a nap." And then I added, as I went into the bedroom, "If Joe calls, wake me up. A few of us are going to get together an' talk things over."

JOE called me late in the afternoon and asked me if I could meet him at Crispin's at five. I said that I could and hung up and yelled for my pants. Myrt brought them. She said she had taken them to put a patch under a thin place in the knees.

I hurried down to Crispin's, a beer joint on Fifth Street, close to the plant. Joe Hollenbeck was there and two men who hadn't worked at the plant very long, Doug Latham and Sam Ordway. They nodded when I joined them, and Joe ordered another beer and told me that negotiations had broken down.

"We're gonna be ordered back to work without getting a thing, whether we like it or not," Joe declared. "They're howlin' more about defense an' they're gonna use that as a club to knock us into line—unless we do somethin' about it."

Joe Hollenbeck sucked in a long breath and turned his sharp dark eyes on me. He said, "Jim," and his voice was a whisper—"Jim, there's only one way we can beat them. We've got to fix it so they can't reopen the plant for a while. Will you help us?"

My throat felt hot and dry and I gulped some beer.

"If we can fix that plant so it can't be opened for a while," Joe continued, "we can make the company pay us a decent wage out of the profits they're making over this war scare."

I said, "What do you want me to do?"

"We want you to fix it so that Latham, Ordway, and I can get inside the plant. That's all. But you're the only one who can do it, Jim. The plant guards are local men and you know them. Here's the way I've figured it: You go to the main gate an' give some excuse to have the guard on Gate B called over to see you. When he gets away from Gate B, pull out your handkerchief an' mop your head like you was perspirin'. We can see that from Gate B, an' from there on, just leave things up to us."

I didn't have any trouble at all thinking up an excuse for seeing Pete Jacobs, who was on Gate B, but back where he couldn't be talked to from the street. Simmons, the head guard, didn't even fuss about sending for him. There hadn't been any trouble, so I suppose Simmons didn't suspect anything. And I tried to act natural when Jacobs came up and I knew that Gate B wasn't guarded. Like I was hot and perspiring, I reached into my pocket and pulled out my handkerchief. And then I suddenly stopped acting natural. I didn't lift my handkerchief to my forehead. I just stood there looking at it for a minute and thinking faster than I ever thought in my life. Then I jerked around and with that handkerchief wrapped up in my fist I ran toward Gate B.

A STARTLED look came into Myrt's eyes when I got home that night. She cried, "Jim! You've been fighting! Your face—"

I laughed, and it was a real laugh. I caught Myrt up in my arms and kissed her hard in spite of my puffed lips.

"Yes, I've been fighting," I admitted. "Myrt, this husband of yours just ran smack into a fifth column, a gang of saboteurs an' a flock of Reds. An' he licked 'em."

I put her down, reached into my pocket and pulled out my handkerchief. I held it up so she could see it. On both sides, done in crayon, was an American flag.

"That's what Jimmy made when you wouldn't give him a dime to buy a flag," Myrt told me. "I slipped it into your pocket, Jim. I thought maybe when you pulled it out and saw it you might—well, it might mean something to you."

I swallowed a couple of times, nodding and thinking of what it had meant when I had pulled it out there in front of the main gate at the plant. Then I said, "Myrt, tomorrow you an' Jimmy an' I are going to buy the biggest flag we can find. It's going to fly in front of our house. From now on I don't want there to be any question about where we stand."

THE END

40 ANSWERS

BY J. EDGAR HOOVER

TO HIS QUESTIONS ON PAGE 48

1—No, and the possibility of two persons having identical fingerprints is one chance in 1,606,937,974,174,171,729, 761,809,705,564,167,968,221,676,069,604, 401,795,301,376.

2—The Henry system, perfected by Sir E. R. Henry, a commissioner of Scotland Yard.

3—In the files of the F. B. I. in Washington, D. C., which contain more than 12,750,000 fingerprint cards.

4—More than 60 per cent.

5—No. A person's fingerprints form before birth and remain unchanged after death until destroyed by decomposition.

6—Yes. There are about 300 possible points of identification on each single print.

7—No. The ridges of the fingers of any individual who has attempted to

"Don't just stand there—tuck me in!"

alter them through physical means have been found upon healing to have returned to the same condition in which they originally appeared. John Dillinger tried to do this without success.

8—Yes. Eighty-seven foreign countries are exchanging fingerprints and other criminal data with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

9—No.

10—Yes. Each gun leaves distinctive markings on bullets fired from it. The same is true as to cartridges.

11—Fifteen billion dollars.

12—Yes, by means of a laboratory examination of the blood for carbon monoxide.

13—That maintained by the F. B. I. at Washington, D. C., the services of which are free of charge to all police and prosecutive agencies.

14—"Oscar," a wax dummy, is the fictitious character who is murdered in schools conducted by the F. B. I. so that students may receive instruction on homicide investigations.

15—The motto of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity.

16—There were 1,484,554.

17—A percentage of 87.4.

18—A survey of seventy-eight cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants disclosed that 49.6 per cent of all persons charged with murder are found guilty of that offense, while 12.4 per cent are found guilty of lesser charges.

19—An average of 32 murders, 151.3 robberies, and 852.3 burglaries occur each day.

20—Approximately 81 per cent of all burglaries are committed at night.

21—No. Approximately 45 per cent of burglaries involve residences.

22—Property stolen in the average burglary in this country is valued at $57.10, and in the average robbery at $102.75.

23—In 1939, 95 of every 100 stolen automobiles were recovered.

24—According to the fingerprint arrest records examined by the F. B. I., persons nineteen years of age.

25—7.6 per cent.

26—Yes. In an average group of 1,000 men arrested and an average group of 1,000 women arrested, 15 women and 11 men will be charged with criminal homicide; 65 women and 56 men with assault; and 34 women and 6 men with narcotic drug violations. The men, however, will predominate in robbery, burglary, larceny, and auto theft.

27—Approximately 19 per cent of all persons arrested and charged during 1939 were less than twenty-one years of age; 12.2 per cent of all criminal homicides, 29.1 per cent of robberies, 45.9 per cent of burglaries, 32.8 per cent of larcenies, and 52.6 per cent of auto thefts are committed by persons less than twenty-one years of age, based upon a survey of arrest records.

28—The average is 1.6.

29—Charles Arthur "Pretty Boy" Floyd was wanted for many crimes, including participation in the Kansas City Massacre, when he was killed October 22, 1934, near East Liverpool, Ohio, while resisting arrest by special agents of the F. B. I. and local officers. George "Baby Face" Nelson, whose true name was Lester Gillis, was a member of the Dillinger Gang and was responsible for the murder of three special agents of the F. B. I. He met his death on November 27, 1934, near Barrington, Illinois, when he and his companions engaged in a gun battle with special agents of the F. B. I., during which two agents were killed.

30—Grover Cleveland.

31—Espionage may be broadly defined as the obtaining of information regarding national defense with intent or reason to believe that the information so obtained is to be used to the injury of the United States or to the advantage of any foreign nation.

32—Arizona Barker, who was widely known throughout the underworld as Kate or "Ma" Barker, purposely raised her four sons, Herman, Lloyd, Fred, and Arthur, as criminals. They all came to violent deaths except Lloyd, who is now serving a twenty-five-year sentence for mail robbery.

33—Pennsylvania; organized in 1905.

34—He endeavors to make the victim think he is getting something for nothing.

35—Treason.

36—A favor frequently asked and often granted was to be beheaded rather than hanged.

37—Decreased. Since the passage of the Federal Bank Robbery Statute in May, 1934, bank robberies have decreased approximately 75 per cent.

38—It is the kidnap telephone number at F. B. I. headquarters in Washington, D. C., which you should call immediately upon learning that a friend or relative has been kidnaped.

39—Of the 180 kidnapings investigated by the F. B. I., only those of Charles Fletcher Mattson at Tacoma, Washington, December 27, 1936, and Peter David Levine at New Rochelle, New York, February 24, 1938, are unsolved. In the Mattson case, more than 23,000 suspects have been investigated, and both cases are under active investigation at present.

40—The first known use was by the ancient Chinese, many centuries ago, who used their thumbprints as a means of identification on contracts and civil documents.

★ ★ ★ ★

Solutions to the Puzzles on Page 53

Word Maze Solution

BENCH, SETTLE, BED, RACK, CABINET, BASSINET, WHATNOT.

Answers to Words

Sound: Preferable: ka-*koff*-o-ny.

Sense: Long ago, there dwelt on the banks of the Dnieper a people who called themselves Slavi, or Slavs, which in their tongue meant *noble* or *illustrious*. Then, during the later decades of the Roman Empire, multitudes of Slavs were reduced to the condition of captive servants, and spread over Europe, to be called by their own name for themselves: SLAVES, chattels, or persons held in bondage.

Source: Such people are called stars individually. And composed principally of stars is that awesome collection which astronomers call GALAXY, the Milky Way. Galaxy is from the Greek term for milk.

Puzzle Poem Solution

DAME, MADE, EDAM, MEAD.

Geogram Solution

Springfield, Illinois; Little Rock, Arkansas.

TIMEKEEPER DEBUNKS THE "LONG COUNT"

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—I was the timekeeper at the famous heavyweight championship battle between Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey, held at Chicago, September 22, 1927. I held the watches and did the counting during the hectic seventh round, when close to 150,000 people were on their feet as Tunney was knocked down. Referee Dave Barry and I were in control of that situation. One man, Jack Dempsey, caused the drama of the moment and the ensuing controversy that has been kept alive for nearly thirteen years.

Referee Barry, now deceased, has told his story in print. Messrs. Dempsey and Tunney have contributed to the uplift of literature by their recent articles in magazines concerning the fight.

Inasmuch as Gene Tunney was parked on the canvas in a semiconscious condition, and due to the fact that Barry was busily engaged in escorting the raging Dempsey to a neutral corner, it seems to me that I was the party most conversant with what actually happened.

In the first place, the two key officials of the fight, Dave Barry and myself, were employees of the man who should have been the promoter and who was eliminated from the picture by politics, thereby losing a nice small-sized fortune.

Secondly, Referee Dave Barry could have made it easy on himself and every one concerned by picking up my count at "six."

In the third place, Barry was doing what he thought was right. He was always known as a fair and square official, fearless and honest.

Lastly, there never was any such thing as a fourteen count. I counted five; Barry counted nine. No one ever counted fourteen.

Remember, it had been ruled by the Illinois Athletic Commissioners that the referee should *not* start his count until the fighter scoring a knockdown had retired to a neutral corner.

However, *nothing* was said concerning the point that a referee should *not* pick up the timekeeper's count. It was understood, and had been adhered to in previous fights in Chicago, that the referee picked up the timer's count after seeing to it that the fighter on his feet was in a neutral corner.

This point is important and is the crux of the whole situation.

The referee had always picked up the timekeeper at the *exact numerical count.*

When Tunney hit the canvas in the famous seventh round, I was on my feet and started the count, keeping my eyes on the counting watch in order that the seconds would be counted accurately. When I reached "five" and didn't hear Dave Barry counting, I glanced up. As I said "six" I saw Barry, near Tunney, starting to count. But Dave yelled "one" instead of "six."

Well, Barry was the head official. He was in charge. All I could do was to let him take it away by himself. I have often been asked: "Why didn't you count to ten and hit the bell and sit down?"

Wouldn't that have been nice? What a situation would have resulted! Dempsey's seconds would have jumped in the ring. The fight would have been stopped and the ensuing confusion, etc., would have ruined forever the boxing game. Furthermore, the referee is supreme.

Barry, not having a watch in front of him, could not count accurately, and it took him twelve seconds to get to his count of nine. After Tunney was back on his feet, I looked at the counting watch and found that *seventeen* seconds had elapsed from the time that the champion hit the floor until he was back in action.

Barry did what he thought was the correct thing, and if he made a mistake, it was an honest one.

Tunney did the smart thing in staying down for as long a count as he could receive. He was ably assisted in this by Jimmy Bronson, his chief second, who kept yelling at Gene to stay down all during the time he was on the floor.

I have been asked many times, "Could Tunney have gotten up at the end of the original nine seconds?"

Frankly, I don't know and I guess Gene is the only one who does. I do know that he was conscious of the referee's count at all times. However, I don't think he would have been much good if he had arisen at the end of the first nine seconds.

No, folks, there was never a "long count." There was no "fourteen count." I make a motion that this oft-discussed, much maligned question be interred. I'm tired of it.—*Paul Beeler.*

WHAT'S YOUR ANTICLIMAX?

VIAREGGIO, ITALY — How about a contest in anticlimaxes? Here is a good one, I think.

Gino Lami, while bathing in the sea, got beyond his depth and began to drown. In the nick of time he was rescued by Tito Bragini, who then began first aid to revive him. At last Lami regained consciousness and looked up at Bragini. "Lend me 50 lire [$2.62]," he demanded of his rescuer!—*Claude Ross.*

AIR PILOTS TURNED DOWN

ROCHESTER, N. Y. — Inasmuch as Liberty and Mr. Macfadden are so greatly concerned with America's lack of air strength and have so often pointed out our weakness in print, you may be interested in having some staff writer look into the following matter.

At a time when America is supposed to be enlisting the support of every able-bodied man in its defense plans, the *Naval and Army Air Reserve are turning down pilots with hundreds, even thousands of hours of experience because they lack two years of college education.* Some of the candidates are even permitted to take the strict physical exam, pass it, and then are turned down because of the lack of college. An investigation at airports throughout the country will prove this statement. I have just completed a 54,000-mile flight around the country, and conversations with pilots bear out my statements.

Recently I spoke to the commanding officers of two National Guard squadrons. They reported a shortage of pilots due to the fact that they couldn't get men with college education, although they turned down many experienced pilots who were eager to serve.

At a time of national emergency such as this *I think this condition is beyond excuse.*—*John L. Scherer.*

"The first line of defense is under the roof of every American home that wants and expects to maintain life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," warns Mr. Realist of Rochester, Indiana.

BEYOND FAHRENHEIT!

OSWEGO, ORE.—Bess Boyle, I'm afraid, is not very thorough in her letter, Sun Not So Hot (July 20 Vox Pop). She mentioned the sun's 9,000 degrees F., and arc welding heats from 11,300 to 13,000 degrees F., but she overlooked something that really gets hot—beyond Fahrenheit!

How about some of the political arguments one hears? These would make dry ice "Boyle."—*F. M. Jones.*

THIS WAY TO FORT KNOX!

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—While Mr. Macfadden's editorial in June 15 Liberty was both timely and excellent, yet I feel that he ought to have told where our gold is buried, given directions on how to get there, stated the time distance by airplane from various points, and furnished a road map. How in the world would we ever expect an enemy to find it otherwise? —*E. P. Gage.*

"I believe your Liberty editorials are more to the point, more forceful and spiked with a larger spike than any I have read," says W. E. Kenney of Moclips, Washington.

FROM THE HEART OF A WORLD WAR VETERAN

ALBA, MO.—I recall a night at Morn Hill Camp, near Winchester, when I played the piano accompaniment for a tipsy Tommy while he sang a song that ended, "Hand wooden we 'ave a nell uv a tyme a-shootin' one anither?" At Le Havre there was a little cockney who "growed up unner Lonnon Bridge wit' no one to wipe me bloody nose." And there was Jock Bartle of Glasgow.

Jock was back from the front for the third time and twice wounded. He promised to write when he left and, later, to send books from Glasgow; but he didn't, and Jock would have written. . . .

Somehow I feel that I would not want my boy to fight Jock's relatives nor the little cockney's lads.

Then there was the Cher valley and Mama and Papa Bigot and the girls, Gabrielle and Ida. It was Mama Bigot who slugged the chills out of me with five-star cognac when she found me shivering on third relief of the guard. There were the promenades on the moonlit banks of the Cher with the girls; and a time when Gabrielle, the ever-present chaperon, broke faith with Mama Bigot by looking the other way.

It comes to my mind that I should not like for my boy to fight Ida's boys or the sons of Gabrielle.

There was Bernkastel, too, with its cobblestone streets, freshly scrubbed each morning, and Frau Wetsel's, where the beds had huge box springs and many mattresses, crowned with the inevitable feather-beds to sleep between. I remember Frau Wetsel best as climbing two flights of stairs to bring Pete and me huckleberry pie and rich cream. I remember, too, how she cried when we left the quaint old town.

Then there were the Petrys, who ran the hotel and weinstube on the banks of the Mosel—Frau Petry and the girls, Nellie and Marie and Johanna. We called her Mama Petry, and helped her truck her garden stuff across the river to the hotel. She gave us wine, and fed us too.

I played the piano there, Over the Waves, and Lorelei, and Johanna sat beside me and sang the words. And when we left Bernkastel, I think my mother's heart was never sorer to see me leave home than was Mama Petry's.

And so I should not like to see my boy fight Johanna's or Nellie's or Marie's boys. I can't help but feel that if they knew about us they would not have the heart to fight.

I know it's different with Ida's boys and Johanna's boys. They know a peculiar hate that has come down to them from ancient grudges. But it seems wrong to me that we should attempt to instill such a hate in the hearts of our sons.—*Mack J. Fox.*

BOOHOO COVER KIDS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—About one minute after this snap was taken, my daughter looked exactly like the child on your July 20 Liberty cover. —*Anna von Plees.*

FASTING-WALK: 607 MILES!

DANSVILLE, N. Y.—I should like to add to Mr. Macfadden's excellent editorial, Man-Power Our Greatest Need (July 20 Liberty).

Please add 107 miles to the "500 miles" referred to in my fasting-walk demonstration of June, 1926, from Chicago.

The official record of 607 miles was confirmed by all concerned . . . and some critics, too.—*George Hasler Johnston.*

A FEELING OF QUIDDITY

DOUGLAS, ARIZ.—I have followed with great interest the recent stories by William Benton Johnston in Liberty. As a comparatively new writer he shows an unusual style, which might be described as a tessellated one.

The subject matter in those stories appearing so far, one of a feeling of quiddity, might not attract the attention of the conservative public, but seems to fascinate the popular reading group; which, after all, bring in the money. Do publish more stories by the same writer.—*Elma Reed Riley.*

¶ **"Want to know what I enjoy in Liberty?" inquires Mrs. A. M. Kane of Holmesburg, Pennsylvania. "Here you are! Short Shorts, Vox Pop of course, and the advertisements. That's all!"**

OUR GIRLS AND HITLER'S

SAGINAW, MICH. — Don't you know you are playing with dynamite in publishing How Hitler Regiments Sex? (July 27 Liberty).

Don't you know that our girls won't permit themselves to be outdone in anything a foreign girl can do? Look, when the European fashion introduced the short skirt, what our girls did with brevity. Then the chic European girls took to smoking cigarettes, and our girls responded by smoking two to their one. Do you think they will let

Hitler's girls "outkid" them if they read that article?

Better think this over before it is too late.—*R. H. Knapp.*

MARK IT, MARK!

ALTOONA, KAN.—Mark Sullivan in his quiz (July 6 Liberty) gives "We, the people" as the first three words of the Constitution. Those words are in the Preamble.

Any attorney will inform him that, according to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and also the State Supreme Courts, the Preamble is not a part of the Constitution.—*V. L. Malone.*

"I've got to hand it to your old man, Buster—his pajamas sure make swell awnings!"

Pendergast Is Free! Now What?

FULTON OURSLER

AS ALL THE world knows, Tom Pendergast, that old political boss, has been let out of jail. True, there are other charges that may be pressed against him. For the moment, though, and probably for a long time to come, the padrone of the Kansas City political gang is once more a free man. What is going to happen in Kansas City now?

READERS OF LIBERTY will remember that it was in these pages that the full story of Pendergast's corrupt reign over a great American city was first exposed to the nation. Governor Stark of Missouri, in thanking us for this exposure, wrote that Liberty had played a decisive part in cleaning up the town. Now the grizzled old headman—prize model for any painter seeking to make a portrait of the American political leader—is once more free to go back to his machine. Has his time behind the bars accomplished any good for the government of Kansas City? We felt that was a fair question and so we have made a second survey. Next week you will read what happens in a city when you try to clean it up. If you found the first series exciting, we promise you an even more exciting experience in this series that might be called Two Years After.

WHAT LIES AHEAD for Edward and Wallie is another question raised in the forthcoming issue. Nearer home she comes, this American woman who was wooed by a king but is yet to be a queen. What is to be thought of this appointment which sends Edward of Windsor to Nassau as Governor of the Bahamas? Is it another move against him by a class in England that detests and fears him? Certainly, in the hour of his country's danger, he has not been given a great opportunity so far as any one can see, yet there may be other aspects in the chess game of diplomacy that do not appear on the surface. To what strange port of destiny will these two people finally drift? Today their story cannot be justly appraised; but in those records of mankind that concern themselves less with peoples and nations, governments and powers, and more with the creatures that are said to be made in the image of God, in the chronicles of human history and the story of human passions, Edward and Wallis are sure to have a large place when future generations come to read of our present, which will be their past. Next week Frederick Collins takes a long look forward, meanwhile keeping a wary eye on the present, in his interesting article, What Lies Ahead for Edward and Wallie?

YOU WILL BE INTERESTED, too, in the short stories and features that make next week's issue outstanding. John Barrymore writes a piece of self-revelation called The Method in My Madness; Donald Douglas takes a lot of the flummery and flapdoodle out of the discussions of airplane preparation with his article We'll Give America Wings! there will be a Football Quiz by Jim Crowley; and as for short stories, we especially recommend She Sells Sea Shells, by William Fay, and Alexander Goes to the Ball, by Kalman Phillips.

SOME COMMON SENSE from the Chicago Tribune:

Brigadier General William Mitchell was placed on trial and to all intents and purposes was driven from the army fifteen years ago because of his insistence that the high command was underestimating the power of the air arm in modern war.

They called Mitchell a crank and they accused him of insubordination. He was one of the first American officers to learn to fly and was one of the few officers of high rank who could fly. They didn't think that qualified him to sound off as frequently and as vigorously as he did. They thought he had gone far beyond the proprieties in appealing over their heads to the American people.

Well, Mitchell was right, and once again the bureaucrats of the army were getting ready to fight the last war over again instead of the next one.

How right General Mitchell was may be illustrated by the quotation which follows, taken from Liberty of May 5, 1928. He was writing of parachute troops. He said:

"I had a long conference with General Pershing on October 17 [1918]. We discussed the formation of aviation for the group of armies. I also proposed to him that in the spring of 1919, when I would have a great force of bombardment airplanes, he assign one of the infantry divisions permanently to the Air Service, preferably the First Division; that we arm the men with a great number of machine guns and train them to go over the front in our large airplanes, which would carry ten or fifteen of these soldiers each.

"We could equip each man with a parachute, so that when we desired to make a rear attack on the enemy we could carry these men over the lines and drop them off in parachutes behind the German position. They could assemble at a prearranged strong point and fortify it. We could supply them by aircraft with food and ammunition.

"Our low flying attack aviation would then cover every road in their vicinity, both day and night, so as to prevent the Germans falling on them until they could thoroughly organize the position.

"Then we could attack the Germans from the rear, aided by an attack from our army on the front, and support the whole maneuver with our great air force.

"Tanks have proved themselves to be the instrument par excellence in advancing over the ground, and I want to see just as great a development of this arm by the army as it is possible to make.

"If we can get well to the rear of the enemy with our air forces and have tanks to jump on them in front, we will come pretty near to destroying the German Army."

Evidently somebody in the German army read that outline with interest.

General Mitchell is dead. The least that can be done to make amends for the great wrong done him is to erect a statue to his memory at West Point. The tablet attached should run something like this:

"Erected to the memory of a great patriot and a great strategist whose contribution to this country and the art of war was stifled by a lack of foresight and imagination on the part of his superior officers."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY HOLCOMB

Oscar Wise, worker in Aluminum

HE BEGINS AT THE BEGINNING

James Montgomery Flagg drew for us, from a photograph, this picture of Oscar Wise somewhere in the A. E. F. in 1918. It is a setting we hope will not be repeated in the case of his fine eighteen-year-old son.

In a happier setting is this 1940 picture of Oscar Wise and his children at his home in Bauxite, Arkansas, where he is a 25-year member of the Alcoa family.

READING TIME ● 1 MINUTE 40 SECONDS

Oscar Wise is building a new house on the farm he has just bought in Arkansas. It's not far from the town of Bauxite, where he lives and works.

The farm came partly from the bonus Oscar received in recognition of his completing 25 years of continuous service with the company.

Oscar Wise is one of the first people to see Arkansas bauxite, the clay-like earth and rock from which we will eventually extract aluminum. He pilots a "dinky" locomotive that comes out of the mine hauling the ore. This is the first of many steps that fit Oscar and his job into the composite picture of a widespread industry.

In the chemical plants in other cities, more of our workers will take his bauxite and obtain from it a white powder that looks like fine sugar and is called alumina. And in the great electrical plants and smelting works in still other places, the metal aluminum, itself, will be extracted by still more of Oscar's fellow-employees.

From these smelting plants the light metal will be shipped to still other places where factories are busy and more men are at work. Some of these men will combine aluminum with other metals into mixtures called alloys, endowing it with properties making it specially fitted for the sheet, wire, and other forms industry requires. For nature made aluminum light, but the work of Oscar Wise and many other men is required to make it cheap and plentiful and strong.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

Actual color photograph—H. L. Kersey, 14 years an independent buyer, inspects a crop of fine, golden tobacco.

LUCKIES' FINER TOBACCOS MEAN LESS NICOTINE

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them.

This fact is proven by authoritative tests which have been confirmed from time to time by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer tobaccos—mild and mellow, with a naturally lower nicotine content. Have you tried a Lucky lately?

★**NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS.** From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

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With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1